

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL XXXVI NO 24

MARCH 10 1906

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wheel base, 5 passengers, side-door detachable tonneau.
Speed, 35 miles per hour. \$1250.

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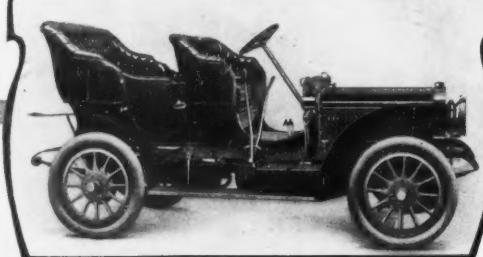
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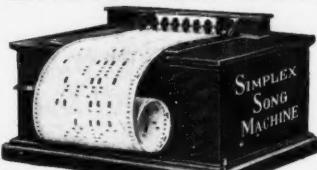
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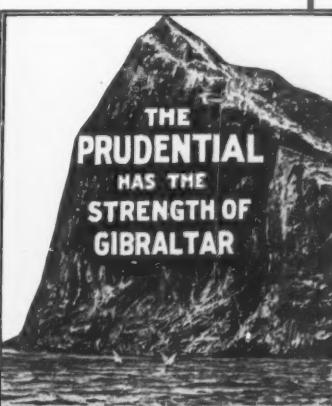
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Stenographers and Stenographers

By W. H. D. MARR

FEW people realize the difference in the grades of stenographers. To the majority, the word "stenographer" embraces all there is in shorthand, and the "three months graduate" is to them the same as the really competent shorthand man or woman. Because incompetents are incapable of earning larger salaries than those paid the ordinary house-maid, they, knowing nothing about shorthand, confuse the poorer with the higher salaried shorthand writers and place them all in the same category.

The truth is that there is no better paying profession than that of stenography, nor is there any which offers better opportunities for the ambitious young man and woman. In the business world, there is no better stepping stone. I know a sixteen-year-old boy—Roy Bolton, private secretary to the Comptroller of the Illinois Central Railway Company—who has better prospects and as large a salary as most men of thirty. During the last week Mr. A. L. Haight, a young man of twenty-two, has been appointed private secretary to the president of the American Steel Foundries Company. These are recent examples of what is possible in the business world for good shorthand writers.

As a profession, there is none better than shorthand. One firm in Chicago—Messrs. Walton, James & Ford—has a business of more than \$100,000 a year writing shorthand. J. A. Lord, of Waco, Tex., did a business in November last of \$1,282. The court reporter is one of the best paid men in a community. These people earn large salaries because they really know shorthand. I know of more than twenty young men and women who one year ago knew nothing of shorthand, and who are now making thousands each year practicing the profession of general shorthand writing.

It is essential that the young person desiring to take up this study should be trained by experts, inasmuch as expertise can only come from those who are expert. The beginner should cast about for the best school—one which has at its head men whose years of experience and tried worth demonstrates their ability to teach and write the most expert shorthand. The stenographer occupying a mediocre position should seek perfection by obtaining such instruction.

Such a school is the Success Shorthand School of Chicago, for at its head are the most successful experts—those who today enjoy the largest business writing shorthand of any firm in the world. Hundreds of successful private secretaries, law and court reporters in every state in the United States and Mexico and every province of Canada owe their ability to the instruction received by the correspondence course given by these experts. Roy Bolton, the sixteen-year-old boy above referred to, was graduated when but fifteen years old, and at that time wrote from dictation 222 words a minute. A. L. Haight was taken from his studies of shorthand and made private secretary to the president of the American Steel Foundries Company. J. A. Lord, official reporter at Waco, Tex., is a graduate from its correspondence course. These are but a few of the successful shorthand writers graduates. Graduates of this school hold all shorthand records in actual work, by making the quickest record on the report of the national convention of the Modern Woodmen of America.

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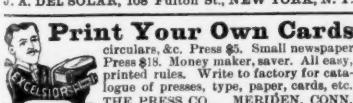
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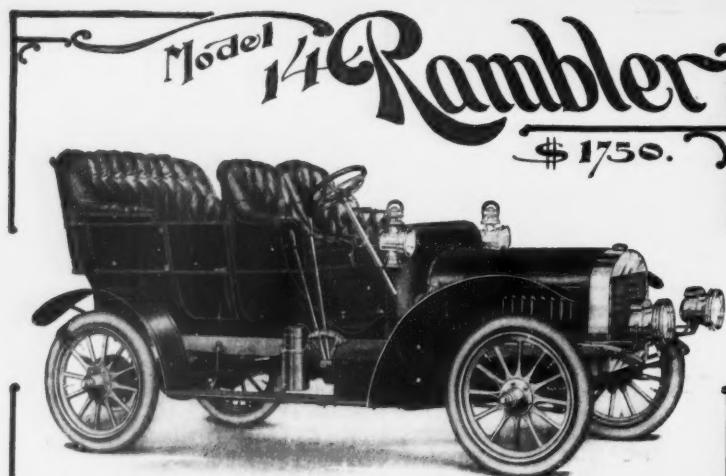
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Number 25 on tape, as a skirt supporter, holds your skirt and waist together without the least sagging.

For the placket and back or front of waist, Number 55 on tape (mercerized) is perfect.

The reason we advocate the use of Nottahook tape goods is because the Nottahooks are riveted to the tape by machine at the factory. All you need to do is to sew the tape on your waist or placket and it outwears a dozen waists or skirts. Being riveted on tape *there are no threads that will cut or pull loose*.

With Nottahooks in the house you have a Garment Fastener that does away with the use of Hooks and Eyes, Pins and Buttons. You have a Garment Fastener that can be sewed on

1st. YOUR PLACKET

2nd. YOUR WAIST

3rd. YOUR COLLARS AND CUFFS

4th. YOUR CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

IF YOUR DEALER WILL NOT SUPPLY YOU WITH NOTTAHOOKS send 12 cents in stamps and we will send you by mail prepaid sufficient Nottahooks for your placket, also one Nottahook Tape Skirt Supporter—OR, Send 50 cents in stamps and we will send you sufficient Nottahook Skirt Supporters for four Waists and two Skirts. Nottahooks to sew on your placket and enough for the front, collars and cuffs of a Waist. STATE COLOR WANTED. Sew-on in Black, and Nickel-Tape Goods in Black, White and Gray.

With the 50-Cent Assortment, if you will send us your dealer's name and the name of your dressmaker, we shall send you, FREE, a beautifully embossed Panel 8x18, handsome enough to frame and hang on your parlor wall. State color of panel wanted—Gold, Bronze, Helio.

Canvassing Agents can make good money by selling Nottahooks. Correspondence from dressmakers solicited.

THE NOTTAHOOK COMPANY

605 Broadway, New York City



Designs copyright, 1899-1900-3-4-5 by The U. S. Playing Card Co.

To play with zest, get the best. It makes the fingers fly—the game move with snap and vim—when you play with

Congress Cards

(Cards of quality. Gold edges.)

The beauty of these cards grows on you—their smooth ivory-like feel fascinates you—their superb playing qualities satisfy you.

The backs are works of art—miniature paintings—of which one never tires. In their variety they meet every individual taste.

The faces are clearly printed—the corner indexes large and distinct.

Let us send you samples (single cards) and illustrations free

Over 100 designs to choose from—all in gold and rich colors—including Pictorial Series—Reproductions of best pictures of American and European artists.

Initial Series—Enables you to have your initial on your playing cards.

Club Series—For Whist, Poker, Euchre, etc. Cards of quality in set pattern designs.

Buy of your dealer, or send 50 cents per pack for backs desired

DUPPLICATE WHIST—best of card games, in which skill—not luck—wins. Played with Paine's Duplicate Whist Trays—12-Tray set, \$1.00; extra fine set, \$10.00, 3 months' course of Whist Lessons free with each set.

Also Students' Whist Sets, \$2-trays only, \$1.00 per set. Sold by dealers. Send for illustrated list.

Card Games and How to Play Them, 160 pages; Entertaining with Cards, 64 pages; Whist and Duplicate Whist, 104 pages, each, paper, 15 cents. Vest Pocket Editions—Cinch or High Five, Hearts, Skat, Pinocle, Poker, Bridge, Euchre, Fan Tan, Five Hundred, each, paper, 5 cents.

Address Dept. 29

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A.

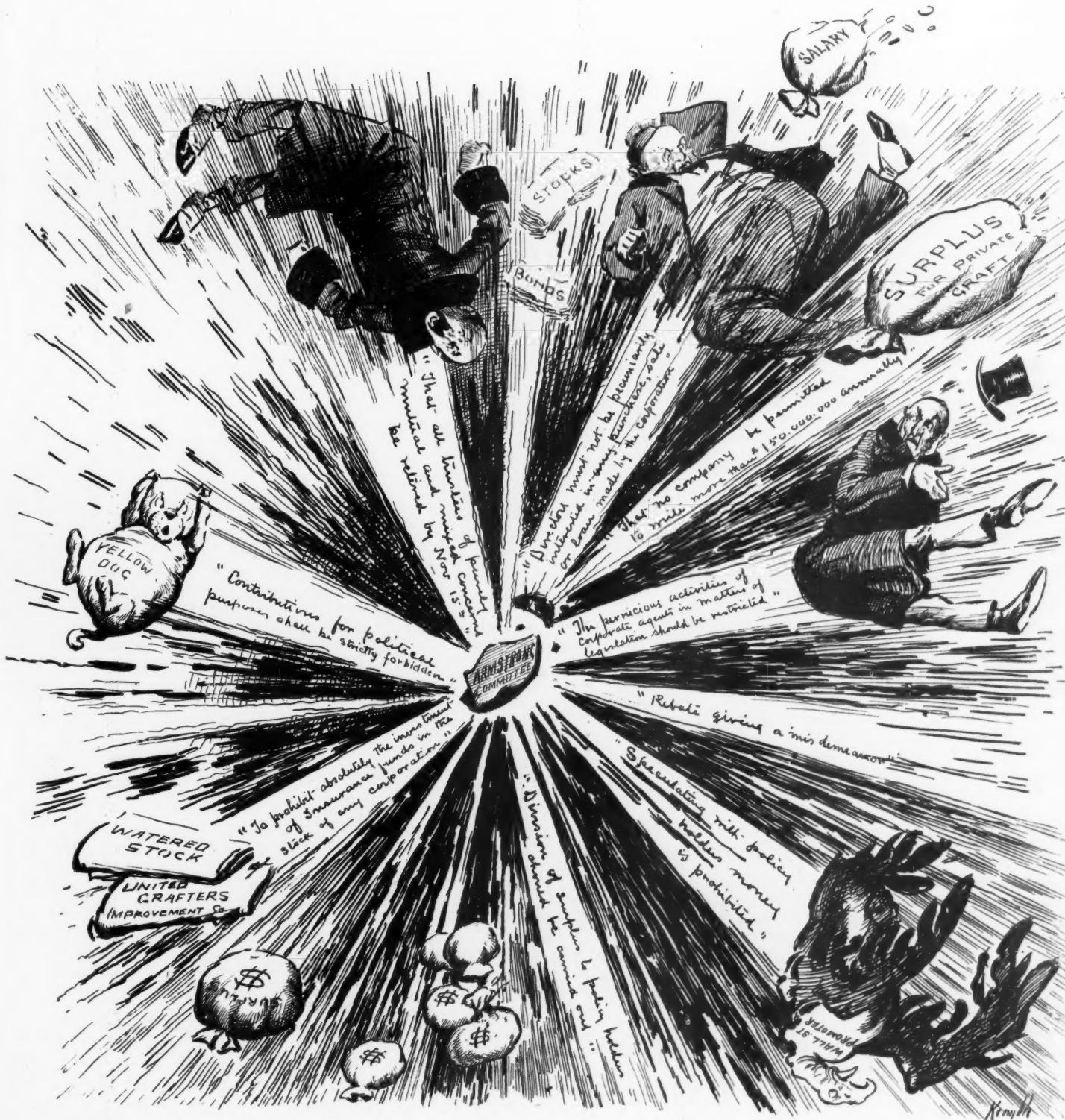
Makers also of "Bicycle Playing Cards." Popular price—conventional designs, for everyday use. Fine dealing and wearing qualities.—Sold by dealers, or send 25 cents a pack for designs wanted. Illustrations sent free.



We send above goods, prepaid, on receipt of prices named in this advertisement if your dealer does not supply them.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE ARMSTRONG INSURANCE REPORT

A REFORM AGENT OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE TYPE—LET THE WHOLE COUNTRY SAY "AMEN!"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE
(1)



LIBEL SUITS ARE NOT OUR SPECIALTY. But when a typical exponent of the Great American Fraud tries the great American bluff, we will take the risk. The Hanson Company of Schenectady, New York, conceive themselves to have been injured by a mention of one of their nostrums in the patent medicine article of January 13, entitled "Preying on the Incurables." In that article Mr. ADAMS wrote: "As space lacks to consider individually the nature of each nostrum separately, I list briefly, for the protection of those who read, a number of the more conspicuous swindles of this kind now being foisted upon the public." Last in the list the medicine made by the Schenectady firm was thus described: "Dr. Williams's Pink Pills for Pale People, which are advertised to cure paralysis, and are a compound of green vitriol, starch, and sugar." The Pink Pills concern consider this libelous. In the light of their advertising, it seems that Mr. ADAMS stated the case rather mildly. To his specification of paralysis cure he might have added that the Dr. Williams nostrum, in its claim to cure scrofula, is a fraud; that in its claim to cure "All Nervous Diseases" it is a fraud; that in its claim to cure "Depression of Spirits, Lack of Ambition, Shortness of Breath, Irritability of Temper, and Coldness of Hands or Feet," it is a wholesale and ludicrous fraud; and that in its claim to cure "Locomotary Ataxy, Hunchback, Decayed Bones, and Consumption of the Bowels and Lungs," it is a vicious, cold-hearted, and deliberate fraud, since all these diseases but the last, as The Hanson Company well know, unless they possess even less intelligence than conscience, are practically hopeless, while consumption is curable by no medicine. Finally, the concern exploits its pills in a manner to suggest their use for abortion. This is either a fraud or something worse.

INGENUITY IS ESSENTIAL to a successful patent medicine business. Pink Pills for Pale People does not lack for it. Note its expression in the titular alliteration, which is meritorious and lovely. It finds expression also, though somewhat crudely, in their advertising, and we scent its presence in the letter from The Hanson Company, demanding a retraction. Two alternatives for a retraction are offered: first, that the case be submitted, on a \$5,000 forfeit, to a committee of three physicians, one to be our appointee, one theirs, and the third the choice of these two; second, that we defend a suit for \$50,000 damages. The committee device is shrewd indeed, and would mean some valuable publicity in newspapers dependent upon nostrum advertising. What kind of a physician would consent to represent, on the committee, a firm so patently mendacious in its cure-all claims as the Hanson concern?

S H R E W D ADVERTISING Surely none of much repute. And the presence of a dubious character on the committee would prevent representative members of the profession from serving. So this plan seems doomed to be abortive from its inception. As to the \$50,000 alternative, we do not court it. The mere threat, however, will furnish the Proprietary Association of America with material for press notices: "Another worthy medical firm grossly libeled!" Doubtless the Hanson firm will reap some free advertising, too. Already they have announced their intention of publishing their letter to us. Sued or unsued, we trust that our position in the matter of Pink Pills for Pale People is now clear to all and sundry, including the manufacturers thereof. Let the credulous shiverer test the advertised virtues of this sovereign remedy for "Coldness of Feet." Probably the manufacturers thought it might be needed for that ailment in this office.

THE PURE FOOD CONTROVERSY in Congress brought out one example of fate's injustice. Public opinion is now aroused on the undesirability of poison, and weakening or harmful adulteration, in the nation's diet, and it falls heavily on legislators who are supposed to block improvement. Not always, however, does it fall aright. A certain degree of sympathy must be expended on Senators BAILEY, BACON, FOSTER, and TILLMAN for the obloquy they incurred by voting against the Heyburn bill. To the public this meant that these four unfortunates were the sole Senatorial opponents of pure food, whereas, as a matter of fact, we believe they actually voted with sincerity on a genuine old worn theory of State rights. They applied a doctrine of State

rights with conviction if not with judgment. They are all Southerners, and they expressed a phase of thought which, founded on truth, but carried in this case to excess, is naturally more extreme south of the historic line. Various other Senators, on the other hand, endeavored by amendment to emasculate the bill, in favor of this interest or that, and yet, by voting for it in the end, looked to the general mind like paragons of probity defending public weal.

OPPOSITION TO THE STATUE commemorating the nobility of MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY fills that great man's admirers with wonder at the folly of mankind. A reader sends us an editorial from the Pittsburg "Gazette," with a note observing: "This paper, bought by the OLIVERS for political purposes, represents the old Quay machine, or all that is left of it." Just how much does the Pittsburg "Gazette" think is left of it? Is it worth such entire fidelity as the "Gazette" is now exhibiting? This valiant publication was bought by the two OLIVERS, lieutenants of industry, to obtain a senatorship for one of them. It allows bygones to be bygones, as far as QUAY's long political record is concerned, and tells us that he served bravely in the war. Cowardice was never one of the faults with which we charged the Senator, but we hardly see what his war record has to do with his place in history. And the "Gazette" finds another martyr around whom to throw the mantle of its faithfulness: ex-boss FLINN, to wit. The pair go artistically together, as part of a single scheme of life.

A PAIR OF MARTYRS

A WRITTEN AGREEMENT, it will be remembered, once was drawn "between M. S. QUAY of the first part, and J. O. BROWN and WILLIAM FLINN of the second part," for "mutual political and business advantage"; BROWN and FLINN contracting to secure the election of such delegates to State and National conventions as would be guided implicitly by QUAY; FLINN and his friends to have the local offices as far as QUAY's power could determine them. FLINN was a money-making boss, and was great on getting public contracts for his firm. In the past the Pittsburg "Gazette" has criticized him, and now that it is on the side of such as he it is compelled HAPPY DAYS to use some dialectics to keep its attitude consistent, but it manages to work out a position in which it can blame mainly those who "persecute" Mr. FLINN, whom it, with reiteration, calls "a private citizen," entitled to gentle treatment. Times are changing in Pennsylvania, and the change hurts some sensitive remnants of the past. Our old friend, ISAAC PENNYPACKER, dwells fondly on a day when, under the QUAY and CAMERON régime, Pennsylvania's voice was more loudly heard at Washington. It was. It was. Alas, for those happy, vanished days; they may never come again.

CRIES FROM INSURANCE MEN that the revolution in methods threatened by the Armstrong report will destroy some companies need not keep the rest of us awake. Any company that will be destroyed by laws based on the Armstrong report is better dead. People will continue to be insured, and if they are not insured in companies run on false principles, they will turn elsewhere. The idea that one or more of the big companies will be slaughtered by a limitation of new business and expenses, as provided in the report, seems to us preposterous, but if it turns out to be true the result will only show the viciousness of the principles on which such a company was conducted. In all probability there will be no injury to any company, even to those whose faulty conduct made the investigation REFORM NOT DESTRUCTION necessary. Many agents will suffer, no doubt, although the abler ones will find employment, even if the big three should confine themselves practically to unsolicited business. Obviously a dangerous system of conducting something of so great public importance can not be defended by pointing out hardships which a change may temporarily inflict on certain individuals. Even if the three giants should not write another dollar of new business, their assets, already a public menace, would keep on rolling up to still more preposterous bulk before the "dry rot" which some of their managers profess to fear began to set in. The proposed limitation of business ought to have come ten years ago. A billion dollars of insurance in force should furnish scope enough for any reasonable ambition.



"is no longer the first club in Europe, but the workshop of a nation"; and war is more popular with the aristocracy than with the industrial classes in Great Britain. The demand for ferocious expression has fallen off conspicuously. Writers no longer furnish much imperialistic eloquence, because the public does not want it. Mr. KIPLING is not the exponent of the moment, and the floor is now occupied by the speakers and writers who wish to talk about the immediate needs of men.

LOOKING BACK INTO HISTORY is sometimes like a mountain prospect or a breath of country air. It refreshes and invigorates, and opens the imagination. Thinking about the tendency of imperialism to-day, as we, for one paragraph, have just been doing, it is natural, perhaps, for a moment, to look off at the man who probably was the greatest empire-builder this man-encumbered planet has ever known. Read MOMMSEN, chief of the new historic school, and you will hear that CÆSAR was too great a prodigy for any common mind to judge. Read FROUDE, and you will see his every act excused, if it can not be praised. Read TROLLOPE, and you will find that view of the mighty conqueror that fits most neatly into the view of conquest which is gaining in England, France, and America to-day. TROLLOPE was not especially a historian, but he saw into the hearts of men, he thought for himself, and the shadowy outlines of the past transmuted themselves for him into blood, and flesh, and human motive. To him also CÆSAR stalked high above the rest of men, but a man for all that, to be described with all of TROLLOPE's easy irony and lucid charm. Here is a general, noted for his mercy, who narrates the slaughter of whole tribes, children and women with the men, in a cold and passing phrase; who finds a pretext for subjugation in the most innocent and time-hallowed customs of a nation ignorant of his wishes or his meaning; and whose satisfaction in punishing distant and contented foreigners is heightened by the memory that by their tribe a grandfather of his own father-in-law once came to death.

"Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
. . . like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

Even of CÆSAR may we use this expansive image, as we see in him the counterpart of Aësop's Wolf, executing righteous judgment upon the wicked lamb who dared to muddy the waters by drinking at his stream.

THAT JAPANESE ARE PATRIOTIC not the most rabid fire-eater can deny. An expression of general humanity, therefore, coming from a Japanese, is not likely to be called effete. "My country is not where beautiful Fuji stands," a Japanese writes to an American journal. "My country is not where I was born. It is not where my old memories remain. My country is where humanity is uplifted. It is where men and women enjoy their rights." The feeling of this Japanese is not unlike that expressed by THOMAS PAINE: "My country is the world, and my religion is to do good." And the patriotism which means pride in civil virtues rather than in military boasting or in conquest is gaining in America, and is that of which we have stood most in need. A noticeable change in vocabulary seems to be spreading around the land. Men of good record in office or business, or otherwise in public life, are spoken of as patriotic, and men who follow low methods in matters affecting the community are spoken of as enemies of the Republic. The man who refrains from making a fortune, within the law, because the method of doing so would be demoralizing to the public, is more of a patriot, as well as of a hero, under present, every-day conditions, than he who incurs some bodily risk.

"**I SPEAK AS A WOMAN,**" says a histrionic artist, who happens to be possessed of intelligence as well as of talent, "as a woman who is happily married, who knows the world, who enjoys and believes in life, and loves to face it frankly. There is no malice in YVETTE." And what says this artist, famous for the mind's most free and licensed levity, about the state in which she

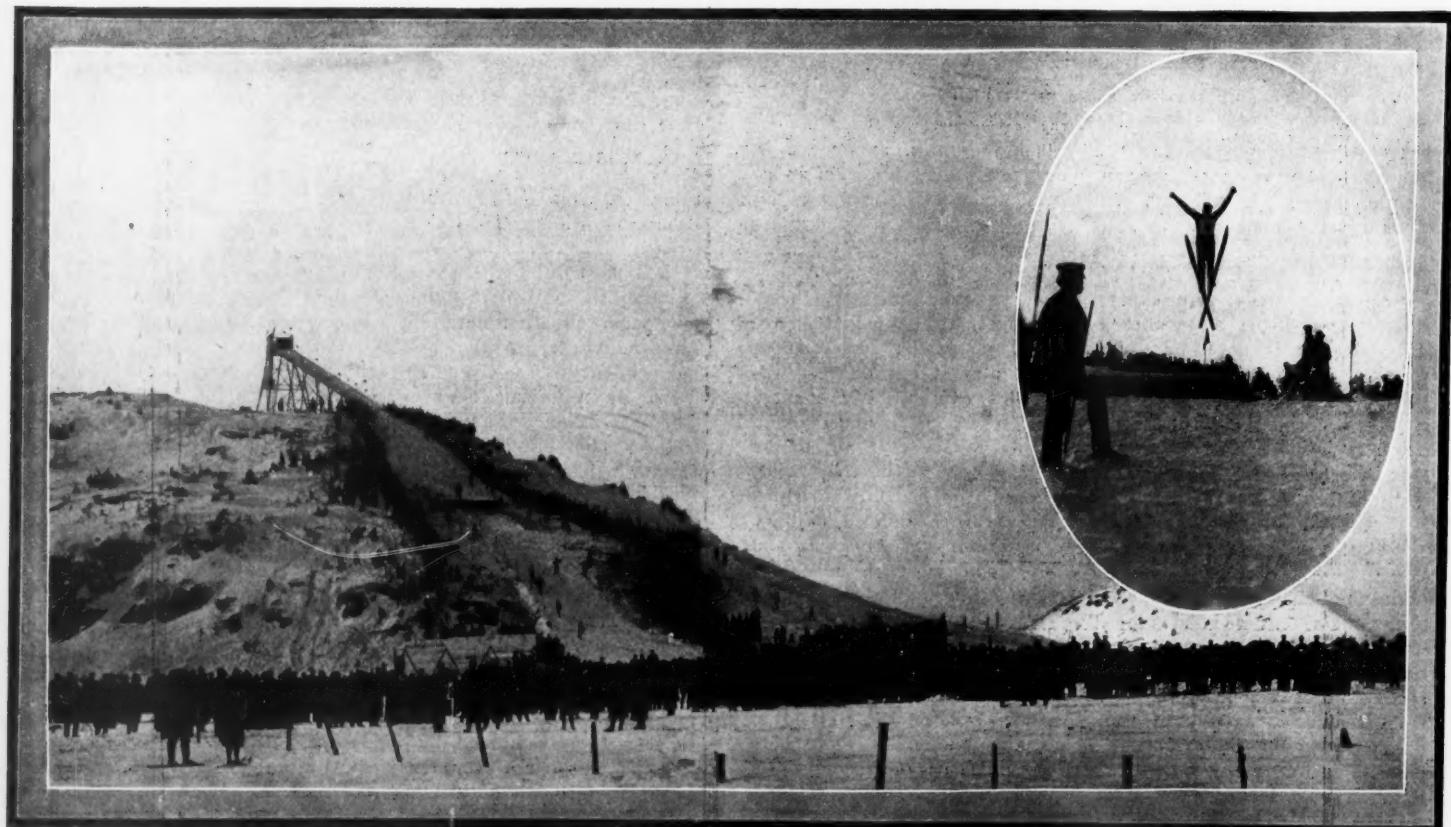
has recently found pleasantness and peace? It is a good though simple moral that she dropped, on landing in America. "Men are selfish because we women make them so. A mother says to her growing son: 'Try to marry a girl who will make you happy.' She never by any chance says: 'Try to make some girl happy.'" This comment of Mme. YVETTE is surely sound, but we in America will hardly be so certain of her next: "This same mother will train up her daughter to study men for their comfort, regardless of her own. Thus, women become the dupes of their own folly, by encouraging men in the selfishness which is natural to their disposition." In France it may be so, but in this country we may well doubt woman's excessive training in unselfishness. Such training here seems desirable for everybody—for one sex as for the other. Mothers, of course, consider the happiness of their children first, but should not tell them they are doing so. They should, as Mme. YVETTE GUILBERT observes, point out to them prospects containing something of the morally ideal.

PRaise IS USELESS to us, as a rule, for citation in these columns. Censure often lends itself to quotation, but we do not share the usual journalistic opinion in favor of printing eulogies. An exception, however, may be created when a cause which we deemed unpopular receives support, and we confess to satisfaction in the number of friendly letters brought out by an editorial entitled "Causes for Murder." Foolishly imagining ourselves ahead of the times in the position therein taken, we expected an entirely hostile reception; whereas but one combative letter is mingled with a considerable outburst of approval. For example, with some blushes, we reveal what follows: "Your editorial, 'Causes for Murder,' deserves to be graved on pages of gold. Humanity is bettered by such words. Men who write such brave thoughts hasten civilization in its slow approach—they add to the *real* wealth of the world and to the soul's worth. Permit me to thank you." And this: "If there were more papers who would take that view of this subject the moral standard would be raised. There is nothing outside of the money greed that causes more misery than jealousy in either man or woman." And this: "The world certainly 'do move.' At last a popular periodical dares to contain the words that a woman is not her husband's chattel. If it were really true that the doctrine that a husband owns his wife body and soul has almost seen its end, there would be cause for rejoicing among those who are hoping for better things in this sordid world." On this one occasion, please excuse us while we crow.

THIS COUNTRY WAS VISITED, a few weeks ago, by an English writer of unusual ability and information. The newspaper situation here filled him with enthusiasm. Never before, he wrote, in the history of the world, had a free and independent press given an exhibition of power equal to that given by American newspapers on the 7th of last November. There is about to be published in London a new daily, to be called "The Tribune." Its purpose is to introduce to Great Britain a kind of journalism which shall speak the truth. It is to be founded on American example. On its staff are to be leading writers of the Liberal Party, men moved by highest ideals of public good. A little while ago America would not have served as inspiration for such an enterprise. What is it that our English cousins seek to introduce because of the great benefit it has been to us? The object COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO! of this new organ, based on American example, is freedom: freedom from the insidious influences of social power; freedom from the siren allurements of caste; freedom to say in public what wise men say in private; to speak out from the heart, unfrightened by landowners, aristocracy, or King; to tell the truth, not from an angle of special privilege, but from a vantage-ground of democratic freedom. Shall we wonder at this tribute paid to the papers of America? Does anybody think that Mr. FOLK in Missouri, or Mr. JEROME in New York, or the parties of honor and fair play in Ohio and Philadelphia, could have won their victories without the daily and periodic press? Nobody thinks it. The press is the greatest weapon in the hands of the American people for the protection of their rights.



THE MOROCCAN CONFERENCE IN SESSION AT ALGECIRAS

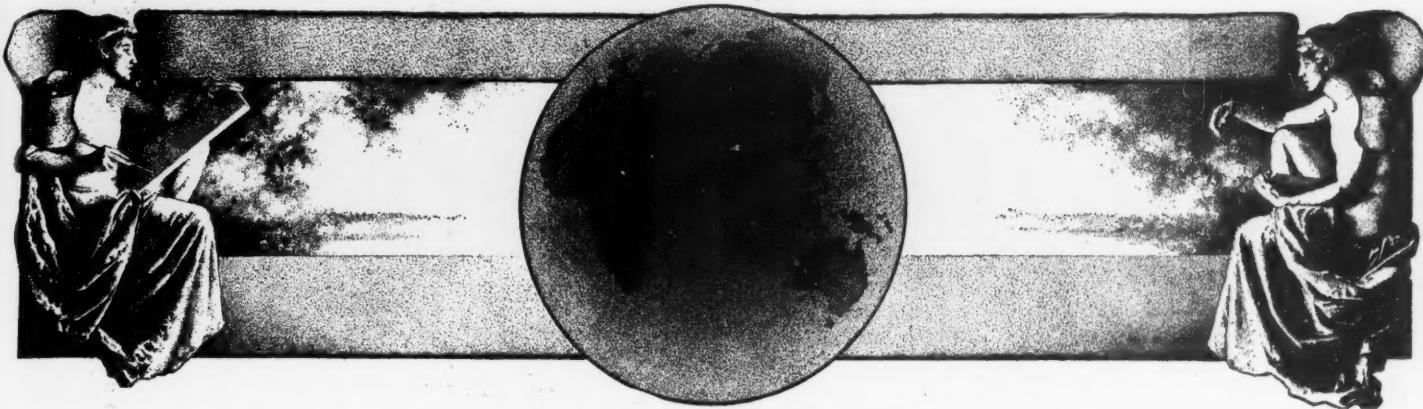


The great slide. The dark stripe across it is the bump, six feet high, made of planks and covered with snow. Ten thousand people watched the contestants shoot down the hill and leap the bump

Ole Mangreth, of Red Wing, Minn., who won the Mather gold medal by a jump of ninety-six feet

THE INTERNATIONAL SKI CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS AT ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN, FEBRUARY 22

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

BY a queer twist of strategy, Senator Tillman, the President's bitterest enemy in the Senate, has been put in charge of the Administration's Railway Rate bill. ¶ The report of the Armstrong Committee to the New York Legislature opens a new era in life insurance. The Mutual Life has begun suits against the McCurdys, Thebaud, and Raymond. ¶ The German Government has agreed to postpone the threatened tariff war with the United States until June 30, 1907. ¶ The Senate finally passed the Heyburn Pure Food bill on February 21. ¶ A legislative investigating committee in Ohio has discovered that under the rule of Boss Cox Cincinnati banks were accustomed to pay regular fees to officials for deposits of public money. ¶ David B. Henderson, formerly Speaker of the House, died at Dubuque, Iowa, February 25. ¶ The New York Gas Commission has cut the price of gas in Manhattan to eighty cents per thousand feet, beginning May 1. It is expected that the companies will fight this reduction in the courts. ¶ The floating dry-dock "Dewey," long overdue, has arrived at the Canary Islands in bad condition. ¶ The Supreme Court of the United States decided on February 19 that no railroad could give preferential rates to itself as a dealer in commodities. ¶ The great suit of the State of Missouri against the State of Illinois to pre-

vent the contamination of the Mississippi by sewage from the Chicago Drainage Canal ended, February 19, in a Supreme Court decision in favor of Chicago. ¶ The first election in Greater Pittsburgh—the new metropolis of six hundred thousand inhabitants, formed by the consolidation of Pittsburg and Allegheny—took place on February 20, resulting in the rout of the old Republican ring and the election of a Democrat, George W. Guthrie, as Mayor. The voting in Philadelphia was badly split, but the general outcome was favorable to the City party. ¶ The Hungarian Parliament was dissolved on February 19 by armed force. ¶ Russian troops have been occupying large areas in the northern part of the Chinese Empire. ¶ An amendment to the Address, expressing alarm at the Home Rule tendencies of the Government, was voted down in the British House of Commons on February 21, by 406 to 88, the Government receiving the solid Nationalist and Labor votes. ¶ Governor Gooding of Idaho declares that the confession of Harry Orchard implicates the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners in twenty-six murders. ¶ A ukase issued by the Czar on February 26 summoned the Russian National Assembly to meet May 10. ¶ The American mission stations at Nanchang and Kiensee, about 400 miles up the Yangtse River, have been destroyed by Chinese mobs

THE ROOSEVELT-TILLMAN ALLIANCE

THE railroad rate question, a subject somewhat arid in itself, gains interest from the spectacular shifts in its position. It is something like a game of Rugby football, in which the ball changes hands every minute, and before you really know where it is you see it at the other end of the field. The rate regulation plan started as a Democratic policy. It was then boldly kidnapped by the President, who made a determined effort to convert it into a Republican policy. Embodied in the Esch-Townsend bill of last year, it passed the House as a non-partisan measure under Republican auspices. Transformed this year into the Hepburn bill, it passed the House again as a bi-partisan, Democratic-Republican measure under the joint patronage of both party organizations. It went to the Senate, and there by a trick of its Republican opponents it was unexpectedly thrown back into the arms of the Democrats. But President Roosevelt refused to let go, and the buffeted changeling is now the Hepburn-Tillman-Roosevelt Administration-Democratic bill.

It was the general understanding that the Hepburn bill would be materially amended by the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. The point about which activity bubbled was the question of review by the courts of rates fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The House bill spoke incidentally of possible interference by "a court of competent jurisdiction," but the Senatorial conservatives wanted a definite program of judicial action. For a time daily *pourparlers* were in progress between the White House and the Senate. The President was thought to be reasonable—it was said that he would accept almost anything that would give him the prestige of getting a law of some sort on the statute books. It was announced on February 21 that he had decided to leave all the responsibility for the work of perfecting the bill upon the Senate, reserving his own action until it came before him for his signature. Encouraged by this forbearance, the leaders of the



B. R. TILLMAN, THE PRESIDENT'S NEW AIDE

Upper House applied themselves diligently to the labor of creation. The hum of wheels rotating with accelerated velocity was heard from Senatorial crania. The next day this scene of happy industry was rudely disturbed by the declaration that the President wanted the unamended Hepburn bill. Senators were hurt and indignant. Mr. Knox, who had been tinkering the bill in the belief that he was the Administration's trusted source of wisdom, submitted a long amendment providing for a suspension of the Interstate Commerce Commission's rate orders pending appeal to a court upon the deposit by the common carrier of the excess charge, or of a bond to make it good in case the Commission's rate should be sustained. It was believed for a day that this would furnish the basis for a union of the conservative forces.

Suddenly the situation changed again. On February 23 the Committee on Interstate Commerce decided that the Hepburn Bill should be reported without change, and that the question of amending it should be fought out on the floor of the Senate. This decision was reached by the solid vote of the five Democrats on the committee, Tillman, McLaurin, Carmack, Foster, and Newlands, and three Republicans, Dolliver, Clapp, and Cullom, against five Republicans, Elkins, Aldrich, Kean, Foraker, and Crane. Thus the bill became a Democratic measure, favored by all the Democrats and opposed by the majority of the Republicans, including the chairman of the committee, Elkins. Then Senator Aldrich satirically proposed to make the situation clearer by putting the bill in charge of Senator Tillman, the President's personal enemy. With Democratic help the joke was carried through, and then the railroad Senators waited to see the President squirm. To their dismay he expressed his delight, declared Tillman "an honest man and a game fighter," and cheerfully prepared to take his bill from Democratic hands, since he could not get it from his own party.



LEADERS OF WESTERN MINERS UNDER GUARD AT BOISE

THE PROMISED INSURANCE REVOLUTION

THE report of the Armstrong Investigating Committee, submitted to the New York Legislature on Washington's Birthday, is the greatest landmark in the history of life insurance in America, if not in the world. After exhaustively recapitulating the evidence taken in the recent investigation, and incidentally pillorying Superintendent Hendricks and the New York Insurance Department, it proceeds to recommend reforms so sweeping that their adoption will completely transform the business. Its proposals are grouped under sixteen heads:

1. That the organization of new mutual stock companies, now forbidden by the laws of New York, be permitted under proper safeguards, and that the creation of new assessment companies be prohibited.

2. That the policy-holders be put in actual, not merely nominal, control of the present companies. To this end the Committee would have all the directors of all the companies go out of office together on the 15th of next November, the annual meetings being postponed until that time. Lists of all policy-holders having \$1,000 or more of insurance, with addresses, are to be filed with the Superintendent of Insurance and kept open to inspection at the home offices of the companies. Similar lists of the policy-holders in each State and foreign country are to be made public at the general agencies in each jurisdiction. All existing proxies are to be canceled, and no new ones are to be held good for over two months before a general election. Nominations are to be made by the directors and also by any group of a hundred policy-holders. Official ballots are to be furnished, bearing the names of all candidates nominated, and policy-holders are to be allowed to vote in person, by proxy, or by mail. By this arrangement the perennial proxies by which the present managements hold power would be swept away, and Lawson's great sheaf would disappear with them. Everybody would have to make a fresh start from the scratch. It is proposed further to give to the directors of companies now under stock control authority to admit the policy-holders to voting privileges.

3. That a method shall be provided for the transformation of stock companies into mutual companies by voluntary action.

4. That insurance companies shall not be allowed to invest in stocks, except public stocks of municipal corporations, nor in bonds of which corporate stocks form more than one-third of the security, nor to lend money upon such stocks or bonds. It is further proposed that companies owning any of the prohibited securities shall be required to dispose of them within five years after December 31, 1906; that no company shall join in syndicate participations or transactions on joint account, and that no officer or director of any company shall be pecuniarily interested, directly or indirectly, in any purchase, sale, or loan made by the corporation except in case of a loan upon his policy. These recommendations, if carried out, will throw hundreds of millions of securities on the market within the next five years, and change all the financial currents of Wall Street. One effect they ought to have is to check the decline in the prices of city bonds, and so make it easier for New York to build her own subways and Chicago to acquire her street railroads.

5. That new business shall be limited. This is the most revolutionary of all the proposals of the report, although the idea was suggested long ago by some of the officers of the great companies, terrified themselves by the appalling growth of their accumulations and the mad rush of competition. "The business of the Mutual, the Equitable, and

the New York Life," says the Committee, "has grown beyond reasonable limits. Notwithstanding the fact that they have long since passed the point where further enlargement can benefit their policy-

contribution shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and that this prohibition shall be extended to all corporate contributions of this character.

7. That "the pernicious activities of corporate agents in matters of legislation" shall be restricted by a rule requiring all persons retained as legislative agents to be publicly registered, with the names of their employers, compelling all corporations to file itemized statements of their expenses in connection with such matters, and forbidding fees contingent upon legislative action.

8. That all salaries over a certain amount shall be fixed by the directors; that commissions shall be uniform; that bonuses, prizes, and special rewards shall be prohibited; that renewal commissions shall be limited to four years and a percentage of the first year's commissions; that loans and advances to agents shall be forbidden; and that the total expenses shall be limited to the total "loadings" upon the premiums.

9. That the rules as to valuations of policies shall be revised.

10. That a person receiving a rebate shall be made equally guilty with the one who gives it. In other respects the Committee thinks the existing law against rebating strong enough. The evil has sprung from undue competition and excessive commissions, and would not thrive if the proposed limitations of expenses and of new business were adopted.

11. That future policies shall be automatically kept in force, upon lapse, as long as the reserves will justify, and that the net value of the insurance given on lapsed policies shall not be less than four-fifths of the entire reserve.

12. That the issue of deferred dividend policies shall be forbidden in the future; that dividends shall be distributed annually, in the form of reduction of premiums, the purchase of additional insurance, or cash, at the option of the insured; and that mutual companies and stock companies doing business on the mutual plan shall not be allowed to write non-participating policies.

13. That the provision of the New York law preventing suits against insurance companies, except upon the application of the Attorney-General, shall be repealed.

14. That standard policies shall be adopted, to which the companies shall be compelled to conform.

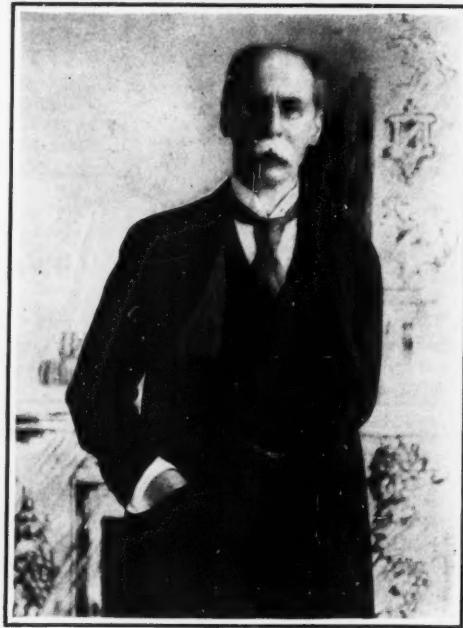
15. That the transactions of the companies shall be reported annually in full detail.

16. That the violation of any provision of the law shall be a misdemeanor.

The recommendations of the Committee were received with dismay by most of the officials of the companies. The lessons of the investigation had been so far forgotten that the Mutual had been preparing to go ahead with its reforming elements frozen out, and it had been even asserted that preparations were under way to punish Mr. Stuyvesant Fish for refusing to wield the whitewash brush by expelling him from the presidency of the Illinois Central. The bomb from Albany has shattered this complacency, and now there are gloomy predictions of the ruin of insurance.

A TARIFF TRUCE WITH GERMANY

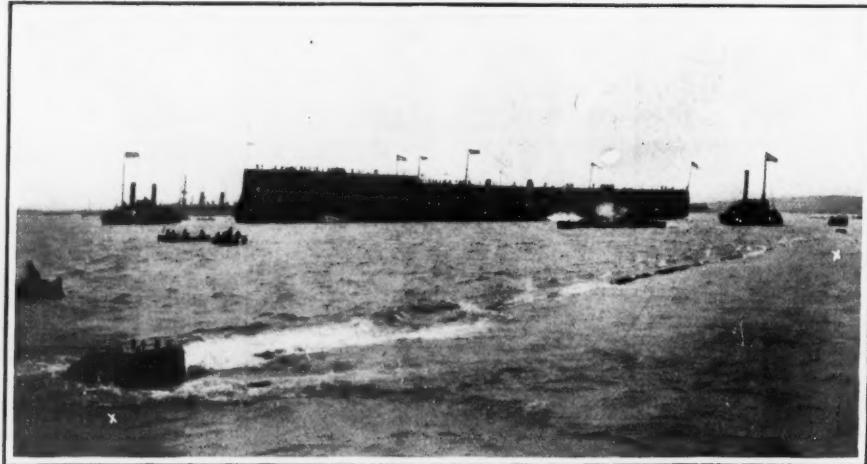
THE THREATENED TARIFF war with Germany has been averted for the present. Whether it has been altogether escaped or only postponed depends upon the use we make of the respite. The German Government took prompt and decisive action when it once became convinced that there was no hope of securing concessions from the United States Senate this year. It agreed to grant to this country the benefits of its minimum tariff until June 30, 1907, accepting such small mitigation



GEORGE W. GUTHRIE

First Mayor of Greater Pittsburgh—elected February 20 by a great majority as a Democrat with independent backing against the candidate of the previously invincible Republican ring

holders, they have resorted to every effort to obtain new business, regardless of the expense, which is reflected in diminishing dividends." To meet this evil it is advised that the amount of new business written by any company in any year shall be limited in proportion to its total insurance in force at the



THE NEW QUEEN OF THE SEAS

The British battleship "Dreadnought," launched February 10. The "Dreadnought," embodying all the lessons of the Japanese war, is said by her admirers to be more than a match for any other three battleships afloat. She is of 18,500 tons and carries ten twelve-inch guns. No other existing ship has more than four, although the American battleships "South Carolina" and "Michigan," authorized last year, but not yet begun, are to have eight each. The "Dreadnought" has stirred all the naval powers to activity

end of the preceding year. For companies with less than \$50,000,000 in force there would be no limit; between \$50,000,000 and \$100,000,000 the limit would be thirty per cent; between \$100,000,000 and \$300,000,000, twenty-five per cent; between \$300,000,000 and \$600,000,000, twenty per cent; between \$600,000,000 and \$1,000,000,000, fifteen per cent, and over \$1,000,000,000 an amount not exceeding \$150,000,000. This rule would practically stop the growth of the Equitable, the Mutual, and the New York Life, but would leave the smaller companies a margin for healthy expansion.

6. That political contributions by insurance companies shall be strictly forbidden; that any officer, director, or agent making or consenting to such a

tions of the severity of our customs administration as the President can make by executive action as an equivalent for the favor. This decision was immediately submitted to the Reichstag, which reluctantly ratified it on February 23 by an immense majority. Chancellor von Buelow frankly explained that the Government had been forced to ask Parliament to agree to the proposal in order that Germany might "continue in peace with the United States." Although a tariff war would injure America, its advantages would go not to Germany, but "to a third party," presumably Great Britain. Such a contest would damage Germany's shipping interests and other important departments of industry. The Government did not ask the Reichstag to extend the most favored nation treatment to the United States as a right, but in order to give time to conduct the pending negotiations to a satisfactory end. Secretary Root, said Chancellor von Buelow, had expressed the hope that this extension of time would lead to the establishment of "a permanent

basis for mutual commerce" between Germany and America, "under conditions favorable to both."

The Reichstag did not accept the arrangement with any enthusiasm. The extreme Agrarians did not want to accept it at all. "After all is said," exclaimed Count von Schwerin-Löwitz, "we must still regard this measure as a surrender to the protective tariff policy of the United States. We refuse to sign the capitulation." Some of the American protectionists seem to cherish a similar idea, and, believing that they have conquered Germany without firing a shot, they are saying that any changes in our tariff have now been proved unnecessary. Of course this is a dangerous delusion. As was explicitly stated by Chancellor von Buelow, with the acquiescence of Secretary Root, this truce is only a respite. It gives us time to arrange a permanent peace if we want one. It brings the tariff directly into practical politics for the next session of Congress. With the railroad rate question out of the way there will be nothing

to prevent the President from concentrating his formidable energy at that time upon the improvement of our trade relations, and it may be expected that the tariff stand-patters will have to retreat as the railroad stand-patters are retreating now. The defeat of Representative Grosvenor of Ohio for renomination knocks one of the solidest bricks out of the Chinese wall of high protection.

It will be impossible to make a permanent peace with Germany without a general overhauling of our relations with other Powers. Of course we could not give lower rates to German goods, in consideration of favors which still left her maintaining a high tariff against us, than we gave to England, which does not tax our goods at all. We must have some general arrangement of which all Powers that treat us fairly can have the benefit, and that naturally brings to the front the idea of a maximum and minimum tariff, with the Dingley rates as the maximum, and a substantial reduction for countries that wish to be our commercial friends.

PURE FOOD THROUGH THE SENATE

THE opposition which for seventeen years had been blocking all efforts to protect the pockets and lives of the people against counterfeit foods collapsed in the Senate on February 21 when the Heyburn Pure Food bill passed by a vote of 63 to 4. The four minority Senators were all Southern Democrats who may be presumed to have acted conscientiously from extreme ideas of strict constitutional construc-

The quack medicine venders rallied in force, and succeeded in having the bill so amended as to spare them the necessity of printing the formulæ of their nostrums on their labels. The liquor men joined in this fight and Senator Foraker led the combined forces. His first amendment was beaten by the narrow margin of 35 to 33, but later another amendment designed to placate the quacks and the manufacturers of blended whisky was accepted by Mr. Heyburn and embodied in the bill.

The measure as passed exerts the power of the National Government against the manufacture and sale of "any article of food, drugs, medicines, or liquors which is adulterated or misbranded, or which contains any poisonous or deleterious substance." Of course, the national authority can not touch such a business carried on wholly within the States, but the Heyburn bill puts it under the ban in the Territories and the District of Columbia, and also in interstate and foreign commerce. Any person or corporation that manufactures, sells, offers for sale, or delivers for shipment under such conditions any of the fraudulent articles described is to be liable to a fine of \$500 or one year's imprisonment for the first offense and \$1,000 fine or imprisonment for each subsequent offense. The Secretaries of the Treasury, of Agriculture, and of Commerce and Labor are to make rules for the examination of food, drugs, medicines, and liquors coming under the provisions of the act. The Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture is to make the examinations, and the parties found guilty of violating the law, after due notice and hearing, are to be proceeded against in court by the United States District Attorney.

The bill requires drugs sold under names recognized in the United States Pharmacopœia or the National Formulary to be of standard composition, unless their composition is stated on the label. Candies containing terra alba, chrome yellow, or other minerals, or poisonous flavors, are barred. In food products the quality of an article is not to be reduced by the abstraction of a valuable constituent or the addition of one less valuable. Every dealer is required to furnish samples of goods to agents of the Department of Agriculture on tender of the purchase price. The dealer may

be relieved from the penalties of the act by producing a guaranty of purity from the manufacturer.

Of course, the action of the Senate does not make the bill a law. The business interests built on counterfeit foods and drinks are strong and defiant in the House, and they will make a vigorous stand there. But in getting safely past the Sena-

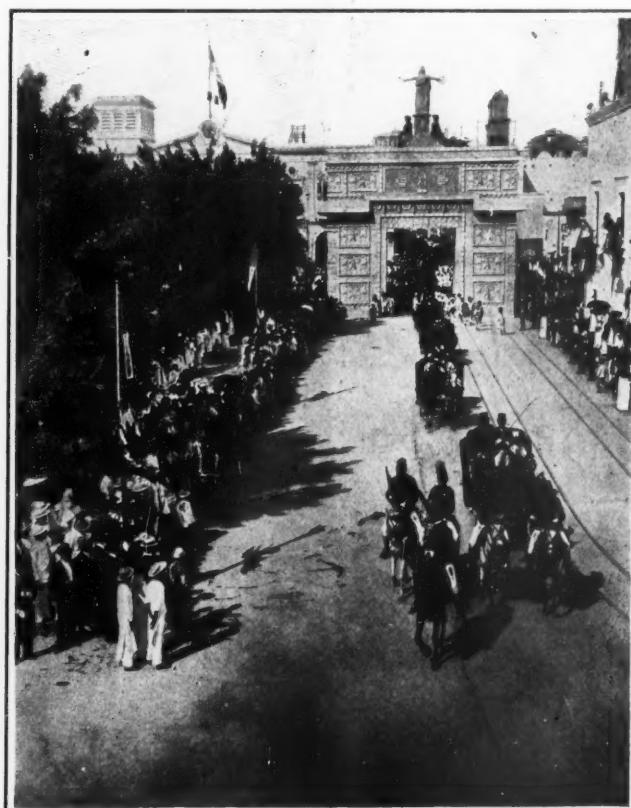
hard to make an effective resistance to the passage of any bill favored by the President, and of course it is inconceivable that the influence of the Administration should fail to be exerted in behalf of the suppression of such a peculiarly despicable fraud as the adulteration of food and medicine.

The Heyburn bill puts the responsibility for adulteration just where it belongs—upon the man who does the job. Under State laws the only man who can be reached, except in the comparatively small number of cases in which the stuff is made and consumed in the same State, is the innocent retailer. He buys a can labeled "green corn," or "currant jelly," and sells it for what the label tells him it is. If the bill that has passed the Senate becomes a law the retailer will be protected if he can show a certificate from the manufacturer guaranteeing the purity of his goods.

The law, of course, will not interfere with the sale of artificial food products provided they are harmless and sold under their own names. On the same day upon which the Heyburn bill passed the Senate Professor Thomas B. Stillman, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, gave a "synthetic dinner" in New York to prove that chemistry could successfully imitate most of the food-producing processes of nature. He served Martini cocktails made of absinthe, alcohol, saccharine and yellow aniline dye; Sauterne of malic acid, tartaric acid, alcohol, ether, and glucine; biscuits of potato starch, cream of tartar, saccharine, bicarbonate of soda, and artificial milk; butter composed of "oleo" oil, artificial milk, and carotene; artificial eggs; banana sherbet containing five kinds of ether; and a complete French menu in which nothing was genuine except the meat and the lettuce. He said that all these things were harmless. If so, the Heyburn bill will not interfere with their sale, provided they are all offered under their true names.

WHAT A BOSS COST CINCINNATI

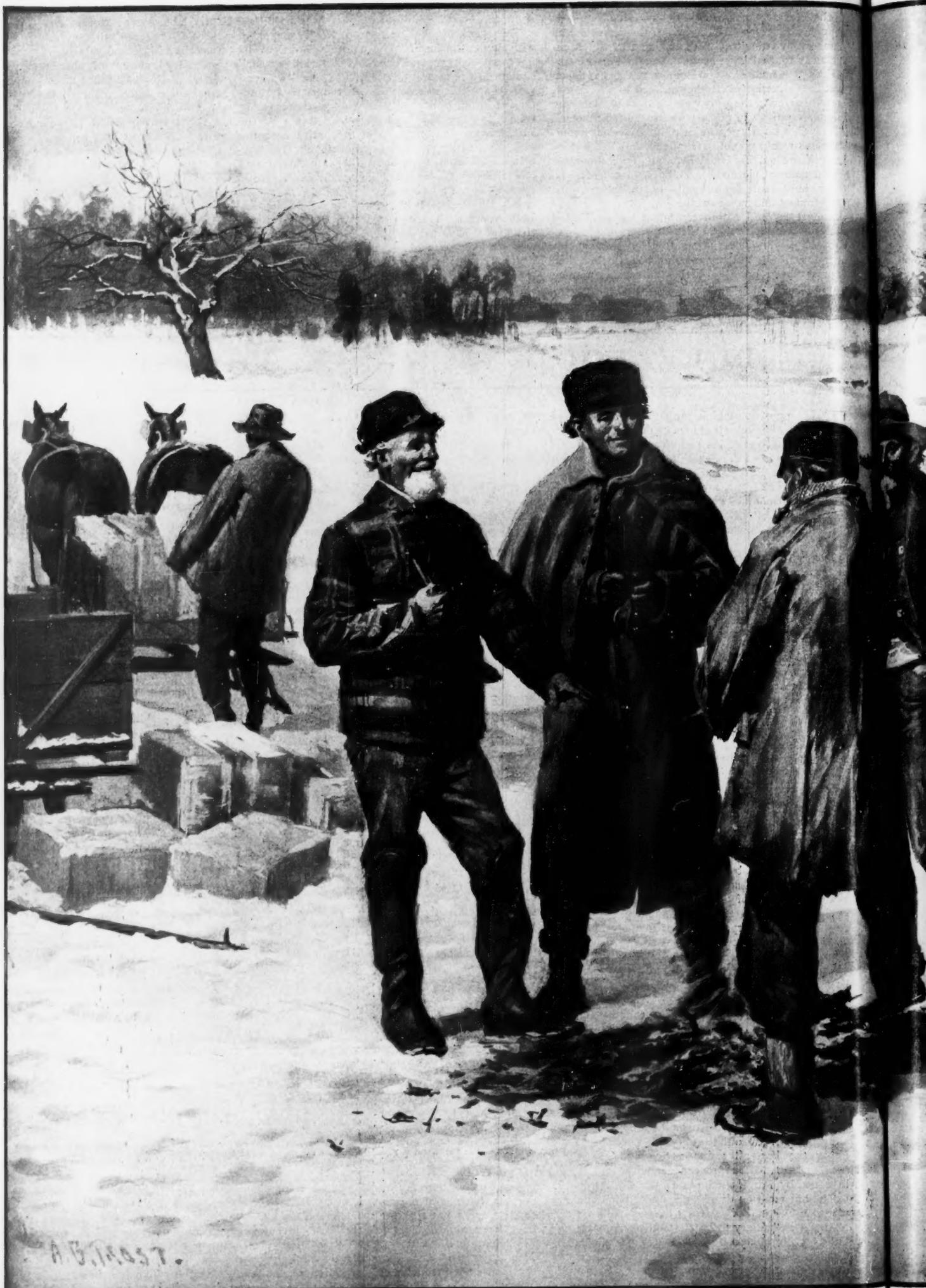
A COMMITTEE OF THE Ohio Legislature which has been investigating the charges of corruption in Cincinnati and Hamilton County during the Cox régime has made the startling discovery that Cox collected on an average about seven million dollars a year—an income which, capitalized on the ordinary merger basis, would have enabled him to incorporate himself as a Boodle Trust with a capital of something like one hundred and fifty million dollars. The estimate of Cox's illicit revenue was made by County Treasurer R. K. Hynicks, formerly his principal lieutenant. Several bankers testified that they had been in the habit of giving "gratuities" to officials of the county treasury in return for deposits of public funds without interest.



IN THE HOME OF AN ANCIENT INDIAN CIVILIZATION

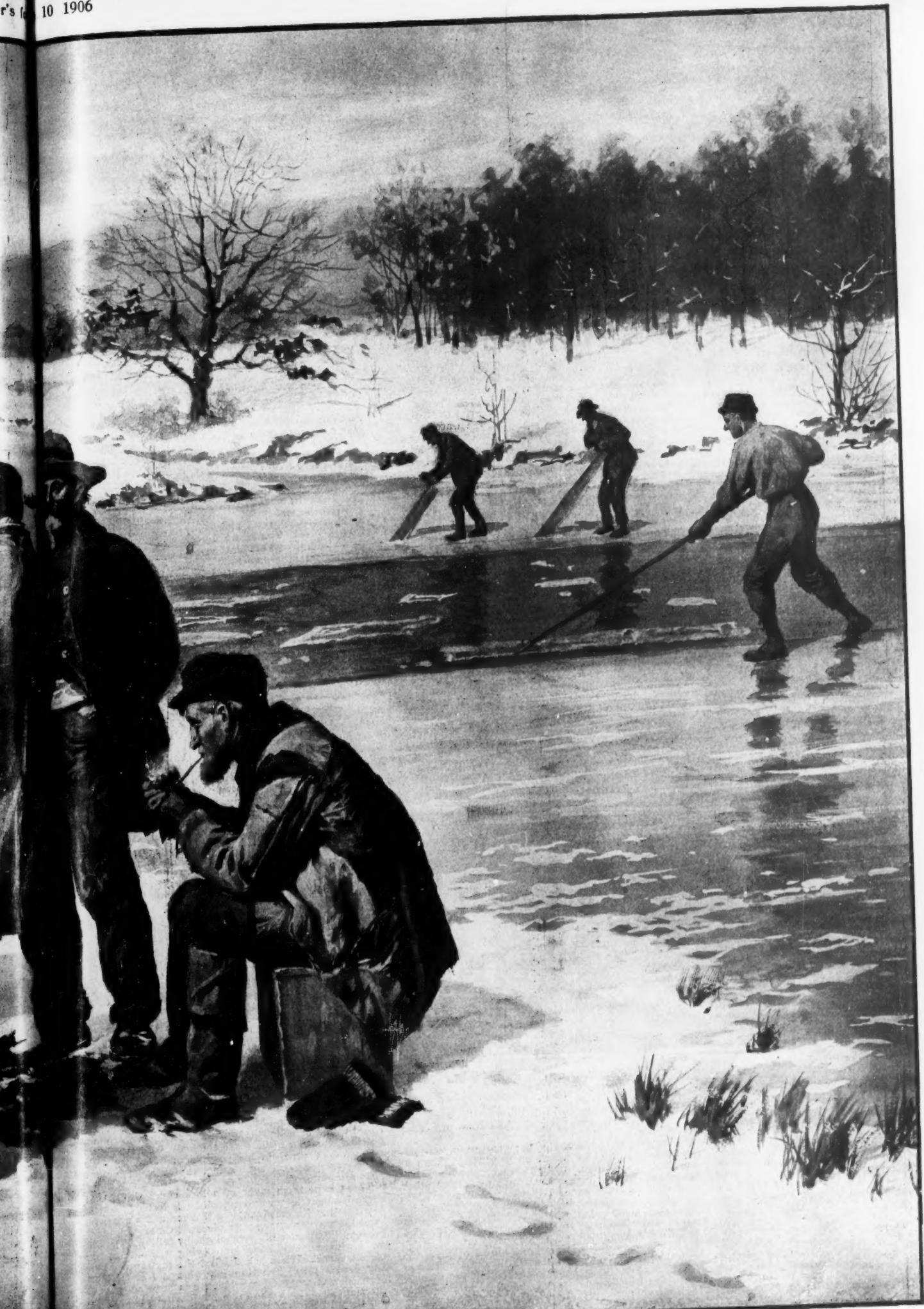
The welcome of Merida, Yucatan, to President Diaz, of Mexico, February 5, 1906. This was the first visit ever paid by a Mexican President to the richest State in the Republic. Yucatan formerly had a bad name as a breeding-place for yellow fever, but in the four years' term of the present Governor, Don Alegario Molina, the plague has been almost entirely conquered. All the streets of Merida have been asphalted, broad avenues opened, and beautiful public buildings erected. President Diaz was invited to celebrate the inauguration of the transformed city. The characteristic Maya architecture of the triumphal arch in the photograph is a reminder of the wonderful native civilization that existed in Yucatan centuries before the voyage of Columbus.

torial barrier the crusaders against frauds and poisons have won a great victory. It is behind that intrenchment that the defenders of old abuses have been able to fight to the best advantage. The Senate is like a jury, in which a single obstinate juror can stave off action indefinitely. In the House the resources of obstruction are limited. There is only one thing that can defeat a measure favored by the Speaker and the Committee on Rules, and that is a clear majority against it—a thing almost impossible to obtain. As long as the present good relations between the Administration and the House machine continue, it will be



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C U T T I G



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST

HOW THE EIGHTY-FIVE-FOOT LEVEL CANAL, WITH THE ARTIFICIAL LAKES OF GATUN AND SOSA, WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED.

In this, the final one of three articles, Mr. Palmer discusses the type of canal, which Congress must settle at this session, and the question of labor and other future problems on the Isthmus.

By FREDERICK PALMER

III—STILL MAKING UP OUR MINDS

YOU will observe, peeping out of the undergrowth on either side of the cut, lines of surveyors' stakes. Those forming the narrowest prism mean an eighty-five-foot level; those farthest apart a sea-level canal. For two years the practical dirt-digging engineers on the job have looked up at them and wondered which was finally to form the banks of the Canal. Until Congress decides, they are in the position of a cooper who is expected to saw the heads before he is told the diameter of the barrels he is to make.

A reader of the first article of this series writes to say that he thinks my report of conditions must be too favorable. I would have said the same if I had not been on the Isthmus. There, a thorough investigation showed the working organization to be excellent. But when it comes to considering the time we have taken to decide between the lock and the sea-level plans, I feel like a humble layman among wrangling lawyers, and I share the impatience which has been crying: "For Heaven's sake, you fellows who are supposed to know all about it, make up your minds and go ahead!"

know all about it, make up your minds and go ahead!" Congress, which must decide the question before the present session ends, finds itself in the face of the reports of six different sets of engineering experts. Wallace was for the sea-level and Stevens is pronouncedly for the lock. A simple summary of the technical reports would fill a whole number of *COLLIER'S*. When you have read them you will want still another board to tell you which board is right.

The last board was that which included eminent foreign engineers. Finally we have its report. All the foreigners are for the sea level. Three of the Americans—General Davis, a retired army officer; Parsons, the New York subway engineer, and Burr, a college professor—sided with the foreigners. The five Americans who were for an eighty-five-foot-level lock canal are Alfred Noble of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who many hold is the greatest practical engineer in America; General Abbot, the most distinguished of United States army engineers, who has been associated with more canal boards than any other man; Stearns, chief engineer of the Boston Water Department; Joseph Ripley of the St. Mary's Canal, and Randolph of the Chicago Canal. Hunter, who built the Manchester Ship Canal, and Quellennes of the Suez Canal, were the most distinguished of the foreign engineers; so that makes two foreign canal engineers for a sea-level and two American canal engineers for a lock canal. The Isthmian Canal

Commission, which is an executive body, is for the lock plan, with the exception of Admiral Endicott. He is a sailor. The possibility of the locks breaking down in time of war is a vital consideration to him.

According to precedent, these disagreements would call for still another board, and thus we might go on in an endless chain. The time has come for action, and in transmitting these reports to Congress on February 10, the President recommended an eighty-five-foot-level lock canal.

The Power of a River

The lock plan contemplates lifting the ships over the backbone of the Isthmus, and the sea-level plan cutting a way for them through it, of course. To either plan the Chagres River is an important a factor as a harbor is to a port. In the dry season it looks as harmless as the creek which you went swimming in as a boy on the farm. But overnight in the rainy season it may become a mighty torrent. Such an erratic monster can not be allowed to enter uncontrolled the prism of a sea-level canal. The foreign engineers propose to regulate it by a dam at the upper end of its valley.

In the lock plan the Chagres is to be confined in a

natural basin, and the ships will pass through the lakes whose bottom is formed of the plateau, which would have to be cut in order to make a sea-level canal. The feasibility of the lock plan depends upon the locks and upon the dam which is to contain the water. If this dam should break, it might put the Canal out of commission for a year or two and cost millions upon millions of dollars. Here the experts have their bone of many-sided contention. Is there any point where the bed-rock will permit of a structure strong enough for the purpose intended? The discussion about the different levels, varying all the way from a thirty-foot to a ninety-foot, is concerned with this and with the waste of water from seepage and from evaporation; for the lake must always have sufficient depth for shipping, or the Canal might be closed for a period in the dry season.

When Doctors Disagree

The proposed sites have been peppered with borings, and each set of them made for each lot of experts seems to have established a different result as to the depth of bed-rock. The different boards have never remained long on the Isthmus. They have looked in the drawing-room and taken another man's word for what was in the cellar. On this score, an engineer of standing, William H. Hall, in an article in "The Engineering News," admits that public impatience is warranted. He says that old engineers of experience and great reputation, who are the kind called in to consult

The men who are digging the dirt on the Isthmus to-day are for the lock plan. They know, as only one who is on the job can know, the difference between excavating 110,000,000 yards of earth for the sea-level plan and 53,000,000 yards of earth for the eighty-five-foot-level plan. The accompanying diagrams make these comparisons clearer than words.

For every foot you go down it means taking out a relative amount of earth on either side in order to maintain the angle of safety for the banks. As you look up at the sides of Culebra from one end of the cut you see the stakes for the sea-level plan running far back on the heights which were untouched under the French plan. The steam shovels work steadily, long lines of dump cars are on the go continually, and yet the end of a week has made a difference of only a nibble.

Making the biggest cut in history requires consummate patience. The men in charge of the task are as human as the rest of us. It is only fair to say that their surroundings may affect their judgment. When they sit on the verandas behind their mosquito screens after the day's work is done, they talk of living to see ships go through that gigantic défilé—ships whose masts would not reach to the top of the hills—and they want to stay with the task until it is finished.

want to stay with the task until it is finished. When you talk of a sea-level canal in twelve years, they shake their heads and say that it would surely take fifteen. Fifteen years in that climate! This means that another generation of engineers would come down to take their places. But make it a lock canal, which will take nine or ten years, and you will give them a spirit of enthusiasm and a hardness of resolution which the adoption of a sea-level canal would never bring.

The sea-level exponents disagree with the men on the spot. They say that it would take only three or four years longer. In favor of the sea-level plan is finality of construction, the splendid fascination of a clean ditch, with no "stairs," as grand promoter De Lesseps said — that caught the imagination and the hoardings of the French peasants —cheapness of maintenance, and the absence of any chance of breakdown. A military expert will tell you that if a lock should go wrong in time of war the difference in cost would be a small item beside the loss to the nation. Mr. Stevens observes in answer that the sooner a ship crosses the Isthmus the sooner we have this adjunct, and war might come before a sea-level canal could be completed. Each side, having made up its mind for one plan or the other, proceeds to produce all possible arguments.

In time of war the locks would be protected by rapid-fire guns and every foot of the Canal would be policed. Whenever an enemy was in a position where he could reach the locks, he would have any kind of canal in his possession. Defense ends when our guns can not protect the entrance, or our fleet a landing.

neer a landing. Those experts in favor of a lock canal think that there is about as much danger of the locks breaking down as that an earthquake will come and shake the Washington Monument to pieces. Chief Engineer Stevens illustrated his own views by telling of an old maid who suddenly broke out crying without any apparent cause. When asked what the matter was she answered: "I was just thinking what if I should get married, and what if I should have twins, and what if the maid should mistake them for loaves of bread, and put them in the oven and bake them up!"

Cost an Important Factor

If there were a breakdown of the locks in time of war our fleets would have to seek their harbors and wait till repairs were made. The loss of time might be vital and it might not. If—quoth the old maid, Foreign opinion is associated with the Suez Canal,

which is simply a sea-level ditch through sandy levels; ours is associated with the Soo, which is a greater piece of engineering than the Suez. There is no denying, at the same time, that if you ask the average engineer which type of canal he would prefer if he could have it finished at the same price to-morrow, he would say sea-level. The foreigners seem to have based their judgment on this preference of type, regardless of other conditions. Money consideration could not have looked large to them, because not their nations but ours will pay the bill. The difference in cost in favor of the lock canal is \$108,000,000. That may be a bagatelle to some strategists and theorists, but it is a pretty large sum for the Treasury of the United States, and would dredge a good many of our rivers and harbors. There is no likelihood that even a lock canal within our time would pay anything like interest on the cost.

We can not follow a legislative custom and make a compromise of plans. We must choose one type or the other.

Each plan that has been submitted by the different commissions is a complete technical unit and must be so adopted, or we shall have another board at work trying to see whether what we adopted was what we wanted or not. Once Congress says the word, all responsibility passes to the shoulders of Mr. Stevens. He has put his name to a lock canal and stands ready to build it. He has not the timidity of old engineers, who are doubtful of any plan which is not a repetition of previous accomplishments. He will doubtless meet with unexpected obstacles in detail which will be a test of his engineering genius. Probably long before the work is finished we shall read the headlines, "Is the Dam Possible?" When it is completed some one may find a crack in the cement of the locks and we shall have another outcry. Yet I doubt if there is any engineer on the whole consulting board who would want to wager one to twenty-five that the locks and the dam could not be so built that they would endure.

A choice of plan brings a train of questions which, if we wish to avoid indirection and waste of public funds, must also be decided at this session. Shall we have the work done by contract? Shall we confine ourselves to West Indian blacks for labor? Shall we make any changes in the administrative and executive organization?

Folly of Small Contracts

You will hear the man in the street announce impatiently that the thing to do is to let out the work in a great number of small contracts and hold each contractor to a bond to finish his part in four years. The logic against such a method is the same as against having every single article of food and every dish on the table laid there by a different waiter. We should have a dancing academy. We should have the confusion of the tower of Babel, and litigation and red tape enough to make an increase in capacity necessary in all the leading typewriter plants in the country. Large contracts alone are feasible. The whole business of excavation and construction is intimately coordinated; the spoil from the main cut, for example, will, if the President's plan prevails, be used for filling in the great dam at Gatun. Small contracts would be possible only if we had hundreds of thousands of slaves carrying the dirt out in baskets over the hills on either side of the ditch.

The vital part which track arrangements play in the economy of excavation I have already explained at length in my second article. If Jones, Robinson, Smith, and a dozen others each had a small section of a mile in the main cut, every shovelful of dirt they took out would have to pass over their neighbor's section. It does not take a deep understanding of human nature to comprehend that friction would be the result.

In any contract system the specifications must be most minute and the task of the supervising engineers would be without precedent in its responsibility. Any departure from the use of the best material under the most thoroughgoing methods might be fatal. Not long ago we had an instance of the pull of contractors forcing the transfer of a naval inspector who was insistent on the quality of the concrete going into a dry dock; and although the officer was transferred back when the facts were known, the incident is an illustration of what might happen if the head of the Administration which succeeds this one should be less watchful than a Roosevelt.

The railroad engineers on the Isthmus are in favor

of contracts on some of the work. Their experience has taught them that a contractor can get more out of the men than the railroad itself can. If that is true with a corporation, how much more true it is with a government! The contractor has no interest in sanitation unless he is far-sighted, and loss of life, as long as there is a plentiful supply of the living, means nothing to him. A government can not do things that way.

The black laborers from the West Indian islands are, let me repeat, better cared for than at home, and better cared for than the average day laborer on any railroad or public institution in the States. Of all the baseless slanders that I have ever heard, the one of surpassing mendacity is that which makes sensational assertions to the contrary.

The black receives ten cents an hour, or eighty cents a day. He does from one-third to one-fifth as much as an Italian or a Polack in the States. That literally

the blacks were formerly in the Jamaica constabulary, and therefore understand the nature of the large bulk of the population. A good many of the American white Canal employees from the South have not found it pleasant to be arrested by a "nigger cop," and wherever possible they are accommodated by a white one.

Sanitation must remain in Government hands. It must quarters and inspection of quarters. It is a healthy Isthmus which is really responsible for the improvement in the class of employees from the States. In all branches we have now the prefatory organization brought to a point where we may turn to the contract system if we choose.

With a decision as to the plan actually made, we turn away from boards and commissions and technical wrangling to the business of excavation, and to the executive organization therefor. The whole eighty million Americans can not go to the Isthmus and personally inspect the great public work which the nation has undertaken. We must rely on agents.

It is plain that there should be on the Isthmus one engineering head. If you talk with the engineers they will tell you that all you need in the States is a purchasing agent who will send the supplies needed. But there are others who will tell you that if the engineers were left to themselves they would soon have Congress on the rampage, a revolution in Panama, an epidemic of yellow fever owing to neglect of sanitation, and a general clash of authority which would test the powers of Mr. Taft to their limit.

At present there is a Commission over Mr. Stevens, who is its engineering member. Mr. Shonts is the business end of the Commission and Governor Magoon the political end. These three men are for working purposes the whole body. When they disagree they take their troubles to Secretary Taft, who stands between them and Congress. From what I heard people on the Isthmus say, I judge that he saw a good deal when he was there, and saw with the eyes of the administrator of great affairs.

Mr. Shonts is Matter-of-Fact

Stevens's relations to Shonts are those of an engineer to a railroad president. So they ought to understand each other. Congressmen complain that Shonts acts as if he thought that the Canal was his own railroad. When a Member wrote recommending a constituent for an office the railroader replied that the application had been "received and filed." Now, perhaps the Member did not care much whether or not the applicant got the office, but he did want a fat letter from that great man, the head of the Canal Commission, himself, to show to this particular constituent and all his constituents. So this kick comes back to Taft too. He is the buffer, and in his big way he knows the engineers and the railroaders and the Panamanians and the Congressmen, and out of the combination he seems to have brought efficiency, which is the great thing. I have spoken in praise of the health work on the Isthmus, of Magoon, and of many others—and finally it is the engineers who are the heroes of this undertaking. The glory goes to Stevens as the head. But there is Dauchy, in charge of the great cut from Obispo through Culebra to San Miguel, who was already there under Wallace before Stevens came; there is O'Sullivan, the assistant chief engineer who worked with Stevens before in the Northwest, and Maltby, who was in charge of all the dredging on the Mississippi, and will cut the sea-level portions of the Canal through the swamps. He says that he can do this work as cheaply under the Government as under contract. It was to these men that the consulting boards turned with the fusillade of questions. Theirs is the first-hand knowledge, the actual experience.

They may not know how to advertise, but they know how to take out dirt. The men in charge on the Isthmus represent the President's idea and his choice. As easy as it is to find certain types of political followers who will jump at any job offered, it is another matter, as the President has found, to secure a hard-working, close-thinking expert who will leave a permanent position, in which he has the confidence of the heads of great railroads, to go to a tropical climate where a Bigelow may drop in for a few hours and pass judgment on his work, or a Tillman may abuse him as a loafer because he is getting as much pay as he would from a private employer, with experts, not laymen, as his superiors.



Cross-section of Culebra, showing how with every foot of depth so much more excavation is entailed on the sides. This ship, which seems so diminutive in the big cut, is one of the largest steamers afloat

makes the cost a day between \$2.40 and \$4. Every gang of workmen, however small, must have a white foreman. If the foreman pushes them too hard, they very likely will drop their tools and quit. Why not? They have not the incentive of Northerners. They can pick a banana out of the window and are not bothered about coal bills when they can sleep in the open the year around.

I watched a group of them loading a flat car with six-inch pine boards. You may wonder how more than two men could have been employed on the car and two more on the ground; but there were seven altogether, and they took turns at work and at discussing the tactical disposition of each board. They are gifted dialecticians, who find an outrage of their rights as "British objects," for so they call themselves, on the slightest provocation. A good portion of their wages goes to the different steamship companies, for they are continually going and coming. But the total number on the Isthmus is constantly increasing. They like our pay and care. Under the present organization we can probably get as many as we need.

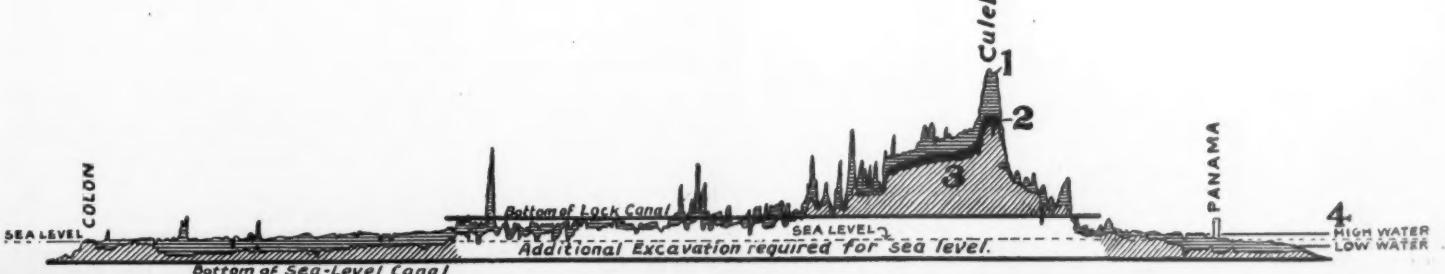
But shall we limit ourselves to such inefficient labor when we might have the Chinese and Japanese? The black man has the advantage over the yellow man in that he does not get yellow fever. But if Colonel Gorgas can clean yellow fever out of the Zone altogether, then we may have Orientals without any larger percentage of mortality than at present. The Chinese from the southern provinces do all the work in the Malaysian tin mines, and if they can bear the climate there, they ought to bear the climate on the Isthmus.

Heat affects them less than the Japanese, as a rule. There is no reason on earth why the Chinese Exclusion Law should apply to the Canal Zone, when no white man under any circumstances will do manual labor there. The contractors would unquestionably demand Chinese or else make their bids much larger; and the contractor who knows his labor and his local conditions at home will approach a problem where the labor and conditions are unknown to him with great caution, anyway.

Why the Black is Orderly

The black man has one thing in his favor: he is not turbulent. He is always in the valley. He has not enough energy to commit serious crimes. We have on the Isthmus probably the best police force anywhere under the flag, under command of Captain Shanton, formerly of the Wyoming Regiment of Rough Riders. The white privates are mostly old regular soldiers, and

their troubles to Secretary Taft, who stands between them and Congress. From what I heard people on the Isthmus say, I judge that he saw a good deal when he was there, and saw with the eyes of the administrator of great affairs.



White space represents additional excavation for a sea-level canal. 1 shows amount of dirt taken out by the French; 2, AMOUNT TAKEN OUT BY AMERICANS; 3, the amount that remains to be taken out for 85-foot-level lock canal; and 4 indicates Pacific tidal variation, which makes an actual sea-level canal impossible.

THE HAUNTED BELL



-B. E. KILVERT-
-1-8-0-5-

Mysterious Antics that followed a Game of Cards with a Gentleman who had Pointed Ears

By HERMINIE TEMPLETON

I SUPPOSE your honor, like all the rest of the world, has heard of the terrible night of the Big Wind, but I have my doubts whether your honor ever has been tould how that unnatural storm arose from a sartin wild thraction betwixt Belzebub and a gran' father of me own. The fact is that Sattin on that memorable night, in rage and turpitation ag'in me laynial ansister let loose the iliments of rain and wind and tunder in a furious endayvor to distroy the Irish nation.

But so it was, and it's meself that'll be proud to relate the sarcumstance as we dhrieve along.

Me gran'father, Jerry Murtaugh—the heavens be his bed!—was a carman be thrade, an' barrin' one unsignificant fault was as good a man as ever put feet into brogues. An' that same failing was no more nor less than a daycided parshality for a game of cyards; he'd gamble the coat off his back and—this is a part of me story—he's done it.

"Twas seldom that me gran'father ever lost a game, d'y'e mind, for he and his thrusted comrade, Tim Maylowney, had betwixt themselves such a system of saycret signs and signals for playin' that the crook of a finger, the lift of an eyebrow, or the twist of a lip, had each its well-known maning; added to this the pair had such gr-eat skill in mixing an' shufflin' the cyards that a stranger stood as little chanst ag'in the two as if he had been born blind. Howandever me gran'father, bein' a just man, med it a strict rule never to play for more than sixpence a game. He had a pious feeling that to chate for more than sixpence a game wouldn't be honest.

You'll agree that there was a taste of excuse for this great fondness for cyards, bekase a carter's thrade takes him into all kinds of distant places an' laves him many a lonely night to while away. Me gran'father often drove as far as the Killintur hills and, in them days, the hills were a good fufty miles from the Sleivena-mon Mountains. So ye see be this what a great traveler the poor man had to be.

But, notwithstanding his daily temptaytions, me gran'father had vartues too many to count. He could lift with his bare hands a load that it'd take two common men to budge; while as for fighting—well, there was only one other man in the barony who could stan' fernist him—his buzzum friend, Tim Maylowney.

Indade, I think there was only one mortal man on airth me gran'father was afear'd of, an' that same one was me gran'mother—an' she no bigger than a wisp of hay as the sayin' is.

Now this same Tim Maylowney bein' likewise a carter, he an' me gran'father always strove to manage to take their thribs together. This sometimes med it mighty inconvant for the parish, bekase, such prime favorites were the two at home in Ballinderg that a neighbor'd be very loathe to give his job of carryin' to one carman lest be so doin' he'd be dayprivin' the other. So, for that rayson, whin the bell for the chapel was to be carted from Carrickthor to Ballinderg, ye may well aymagine how sore vexed an' perplexed was the whole parish to daycide whether Tim Maylowney or me gran'father was to have the honor of the job.

The way Ballinderg came to have a bell at all at all was this a-way:

Father Murphy of the rich parish of Carrickthor had a beautiful thraymendous new bell given to him by Lord Killinberg; so what did Father Murphy do but do-nate his ould bell—an' a grand one it was—to his friend Father O'Leary of Ballinderg. (The two clarymen long ago were collations together at the same college in France.)

But whin they came to take the dayminions of the bell it was found to be too large for the chapel tower.

Howandever that throuble didn't last long, for the parish came together an' soon raised a belfry tower close beside the chapel itself.

Now, of course, aich of our two cronies wanted for himself the honor of carting the bell from Carrickthor. An' the only pay he'd ax or expect for carryin' the bell would be the credit it'd bring to himself and family. Some of the parish sided with me gran'father, others with Tim Maylowney, an' Father O'Leary was fairly at his wits' end to know which side to take. So what does the good man do but call a meeting at the chapel steps for Sunday athernoon, that he might put the question to a vote—in that way the raysponsibility 'd be on the congregaytion, d'y'e see?

Howandever when the time for the meeting was come, and all the people, men, women an' children, were gathered in the churchyard, me gran'father, with that wisdom which the most ray-putable people say has always run in our family, walked firmly up the chapel steps and stood just below the clarygman, where, after wavin' his hand for attintion, he cried. "Let the bell be put on Tim Maylowney's cart," he says, "an' let me own two foine ponies, Anthony an' Clayopathra, dhraw the cart," sez he; "that'll make things ayquil, an' there will be no ha-hard feelin's." Ah, then, wasn't he the saygacious man!

I needn't tell you that them pathriotic worruds sint the multitude wild with dayloight and admayration. I'm tould that the cheerin' was heard be Father Nale himself in Ballinthubber. Through all the hurrayin' an' hurrooing me gran'father, solemn an' proud, stood planted on the steps, lookin' for all the worruld like the ould ancient hayro Hayjax dafyin' the weather.

As Father O'Leary stood waitin' for the cheering to stop it was aisy to see that a good joke was stirrin' in his mind; for he kept chuckling to himself an' half explodin' with the laugher; he couldn't speake a worrud durin' a full minute, but waited with his hand pressed ag'in his mouth keepin' back the merriment.

Even the little childher knew be this that a raymarkable joke was to the fore; an' half the parish was in roars at the fun before the good man opened his lips. "Me childher," says he, ketching his breath, "these two good neighbors, Jerry Murtaugh an' Tim Maylowney, are goin' two long days' journey to Carrickthor for us, an' two hard days' journey back ag'in, expectin' no more pay than my blessing an' your thanks."

"They are! they are!" roared the parish, splittin' with laugher.

"But they're far mistaken" the priest wint on. "They are! they are!" ag'in shouted the whole churchyard.

"We can't give them money," says his riverence. "but we'll pay them with something else which no fire can burn, no thafe can steal, an' no wather can drown, so long as the bell hangs in that tower."

Be this time, as you may well aymagine, the crowd was swaying an' surgin' with excitement.

"He's goin' to give them the bell itself," shouted long Pether McCarthy.

"No, no, no!" answered his riverence. "Nothin' of the kind," says he. "We'll give them for their pay"—"we'll give them," says he, lookin' roguish at me gran'father—"the music of the bell."

For five wild minutes one couldn't have heard the self above the jolly uproar over this good joke. Every one was screeching and screamin' except me gran'father, who, loike all great thravelers, was not much given to frivolity. So in this way the matter was daycided and then and there settled.

But, ochoone mavrone, if the parish had rayalized what fright an' distress was to folly in the wake of that same funny joke, 'twould have been terrified faces

instead of merry ones they'd have brought home with them on that ayventful night.

Howandever, no one foresaw the fuchure, so bright an' airy the next mornin' our two carters, sittin' side be side in Tim Maylowney's cart, proud as paycocks, started for Carrickthor with Anthony and Clayopathra to the fore.

Chapter II

WELL, sorra thing worth mentionin' happened till the expyditation arrived at Father Murphy's house, an' there, after much histing and pullin' and grunitin' an' shoutin', the bell was lifted on to the cart and fastened in. The next mornin' at cock crow, with the wind to their backs, the proud boleyfactors started home.

The first day back passed airy an' peaceful enough, only it was harrud work on the two hayros to be ridin' along side by side pious an' saydate, mindin' their tongues for fear of sayin' an' unayligious worrud with the chapel bell listening in the cart behind.

But black and airy their thrubbles began the last day of the journey. They were about an hour on the road an' had raiched Kelly's bog—me gran'father was dhrivin'—whin the left front wheel dhropped intil a rut and before one could say "Jack Robinson" me gran'father was trun off his seat and landed on his head in the ditch. But worse luck of all, the axle was broke, and our two pious min near suffocayed with anger.

"If the bell behind wasn't a chapel bell," says Tim Maylowney. "I'd say a worrud now that'd do me a power of good," he says.

"Why don't you say it to yer rotten ould cart?" roared me gran'father, comin' muddy up out of the ditch.

Tim flared up imayget at this belittling of his share of the honor. "No!" he says, "but I'll say it to the wooden-headed omadhaun with the thick fingers who was dhrivin' the cart," says he. "Or maybe I'd say it to Anthony an' Clayopathra, yer pair of common nannygoats that's pullin' the cart," he says.

"You know well Tim Maylowney, I'm in a state of grace bekase of hauling the bell," says me gran'father, thremblin' all over with rage. "But I hope I'll not be to-morrow," he says, "and thin I'll make surgent's worruk of ye. you slanderin' blaggard ye," says he.

There's no knowin' how the argymint would have inded if Danny O'Brien's empty cart hadn't drove up at the moment. Danny ginerously offered to bring help frin the nearest smithy, and bring it he soon did. But do their best endayvor there wor four hours' delay before the cordage again got on its way.

Aggrwaytin' as was this mishap sure it was nothin' but a necessary pruperation for the rale misfortin' which was yet in store. And the place set for that misfortin' was no less a place than Paddy Carroll's public house, two miles this side of the village of Killigillam, an' tin dark lonesome miles from their own ould Ballinderg.

The clouds had been gathering dark an' threatening all athernoon, and the night swept up with a rush and a roar. After only tin minutes of warning twilight it grew black as yer hat. The horses could barely kape the road. And thin while the wind was whistling a doleful chune through the hedges, flash—a blaze of lightening flung high the hills. The two hayros braced themselves for the tunder crash, and well they did, for when it came it almost beat them flat. Imaagety aither, it was just wolley aither wolley of tunder, and thin the rain—Noah himself would have been dhrowned be it.

What would have become of the persecuted boney-factors I don't know, only that a bend in the road

brought them the first sign of cheer; just ahead through the slantin' rain shivered low near the ground the one gleamin' yellow eye of Paddy Carroll's inn.

Phil O'Conner, Paddy Carroll's rid-headed hostler boy, answering Maylowney's doleful call, led the dhragged ponies back to the inn-yard, while our two disappointed hayros, drenched an' shiverin', hurried into the tavern.

They were standin' in front of the fire shakin' the water from themselves like two dhrowned huntin' dogs, and Paddy Carroll at the bar was mixin' stiff noggin's of hot Scotch, whin there come so blidin' flash of lightening that it med everything in the room dance green before their eyes, and in its glare they saw a great black coach dash past the windy. And, be the powers, on that same instant the door swung open and a tall dark stranger dhressed like a lord stood bowin' an' scrapin' on the threshold.

So surprised and astounded was everybody that not a worrud was spoken until the stranger, walking over an' putting his back comfortable to the fire, says aisy and cajolin': "Landlord," he says, "I'm both wet and dhr; put some more turf on the fire to dhr my wetness and give me a glass of yer best to wet me dhriness—an' while yer about it, brew for this brace of foine scoundrels here their heart's daysire!"

While the three thravelers were sippin' their dhrink, friendly as ye plaze, an' Tim Maylowney was relaytin' the throuble they'd had with the bell, the rid-headed hostler boy stuck a frightened white face inside the door, an', callin' Paddy Carroll over, whispered: "The coach an' horses must have sunk intil the ground. I can't find hide nor hair of them!" he says, every flaming hair brustlin'.

Without lookin' round the stranger spoke up. "Never mind them," he says, "I sint them on a message to the village. They'll be back for me. Glasses round, landlord, and bring us a pack of cyards. I'll play yez for the dhrinks, juntlemen, that is, if yez understand how to play cyards," he says polite.

Paddy Carroll came near smothering with the laughter.

While me gran'father was wondherin' over this well-dressed condaysintion, an' keepin' a savare raypressive eye upon the grinnin' hostler boy, Phil, who was juggling a round table and three chairs into place, he sez: "It's seldom I touch the cyards, sir. I'm that feard of bein' chayted," sez he; "still, as be the looks of the weather we have a heavy hour upon our hands, and as your honor seems so rayspectable a man, I'm willin' to take the chanst fer onct."

Sure he hadn't the worruds half out of his mouth whin the shameless Tim Maylowney was already in a chair fumblin' careful and affectionate at a pack of cyards.

Me gran'father, with a rayluctant but raysigned air, sat down to the table; but no sooner had he touched the chair than he was half up to his feet again, for, never since the worruld was creayed had been seen such a pair of ears as those which brustled on the head of the stranger. Although they had no hair on them, d'ye mind, they were long and narrow and thrimmed up to point like a bull terrier's.

"Dale the cyards," sez the juntlement, greatly annoyed at me gran'father's spachless onpoliteness. "I'm a Boolgarian Jook," he says, "an' where I come from all my countrymen have ears like them."

Fair and aisy Maylowney dealt. The little cyards from the top of the pack fell to the stranger, an' wondherful to raylate, all the big cyards, which some way happened to be on the bottom of the pack, fell to himself an' to me gran'father.

I needn't tell ye that the first game was over in a jiffy, an' that the dark man lost.

Me gran'father laned over and said in a sootherin' way: "Ye had the devil's own luck that time, sir."

"I had!" says the Jook. Wid that he trew back his head and let a screech of a laugh out of him that rat-tled the windys.

The dhrinks were handed round.

"Have ye a toast?" says the Jook.

"I have," says Maylowney, liftin' his glass. "Here's that we may all be in heaven tunty-four hours before the devil knows we're dead!"

"I'll not dhrink it!" says the dark man, frowning an' layin' down his noggin.

"Whist! Tim, maybe the juntlement has a betther one," me gran'father says, cajolin'.

"I have," says the stranger. "Such good company as this should have a friendlier toast. Here's that we three may soon meet again for betther and closer acquaintance."

Many an' many's the time aferwards both me gran'father an' Tim Maylowney would wake up in the night and fair shake the bed with their thremblin' at the raymembrance of how careless an' free they swallyed down that toast.

To make long story short, the second game was over as quick as the first, an' the third game was like it, but as the Jook was pickin' from a fistful of silver the pay for the third round of dhrinks he seemed to be very much vexed at his misfortune.

"Here," says he, in a blusterin' voice, shakin' the handful of money undher the noses of both of them, "play me for this! I dare yez!"

For a moment you could have heard a pin dhrop. Knowing well what was in store for the stranger, Paddy Carroll turned his back on the room quick, purtendin' to wind the clock, an' Phil O'Conner, whustling,

wint over an' begun polishing the pewther as hard as he could; but all the time with one merry eye over his chowdher.

Me gran'father was searching careful through a handful of shillin's an' pennies an' brass buckles an' horseshoe nails for a sixpence, and had just picked one out, when, happenin' to look up, he caught the scornful eye an' dishdaintful smile of the dark stranger fixed on the sixpence in his fingers.

The most raynowned thing always about the Murtaugh family has been their pride, and that same scornful smile lashed me gran'father like the cut of a whip. His face blazed red with raysentment, and without a word he planked down in the centre of the table buckles, nails, money, an' all—a mather of eight shillin's and three pence ha'penny.

Tim Maylowney scraped anxious every pocket, but, search as he would, all he could find was five shillin's; he flung them to the table with the air of a lord.

"I'll put all this ag'inst the two of ye," the dark juntlement says, careless houlding up a fistful; "I haven't time to count it," says he, letting a silver rain of shillin's an' sixpences slither through his fingers, until it hid and covered the threasure of the two carmen, nails, brass buckles an' all. There must surely have been at least four poun' tin in the pile.

Well, me gran'father, his heart in his eyes, was watchin' Tim Maylowney fumblin' an' fixing careful the cyards (for 'twas Tim's dale onct more), and the juntlement with eyes shut was lighting his poipe with a straw careless an' slow, whin me gran'father's Conscience plucked him by the sleeve and It whispered: "Ye're playin' for more than sixpence and ye're chatin'," says It.

Me gran'father turned fierce on his Conscience, an'

comin' to you? What do ye get for cartin' the bell outside?"

Me gran'father an' Tim Maylowney exchanged one quick glance.

"Never mind what it is," says the stranger ginerously. "Be me sowl, I'll put up everything I've won against yer wages for cartin' that bell."

In spite of his crushing misfortun' a grin spread over me gran'father's woebegone face, and without another worrud the three hammered at it again, an' in less than a minute by the clock the last game was played and the stranger had won. The last cyard was barely on the table when the Jook rose, lookin' very tall an' grand, and he says: "I'll not take yer clothes, though they're mine be right, nor yet yer money, but the music of the bell" (now mind, no one had mentioned that to him, however he knew), "the music of the bell," he says, "is mine and that I'll keep."

As he spoke there came the swirl an' dash of horses in the road outside, and the great shining lamps of the same coach flared past the windys. With his hand on the latch the Jook turned about. "I'll see you all ag'in some time," he says, "and whin that day comes"—he guv a most ojus smile—"be the powers, we'll have great goin's on together."

With that—an' it's the thruth I'm tellin' ye—he disappeared through the door without opening it at all, and an uncontrollable shiver an' shudder doubled up every one in the room, for by that wondherful disappearance it was aisy known who they had been daleing with.

The rain was over an' the moon had come out in the sky, and nothing was left for me gran'father an' Tim but to hitch up Anthony an' Clayopathra an' purceed on their lonesome heavy journey back home.

I'll lave yez to aymagine their turror an' distress. It was three o'clock in the mornin' whin they drove undher the belfry tower at Ballinderg. Leaving the car with the bell still on it undher the belfry, me gran'father led his tired ponies home. An' it was the sore an' sorrowful luck they brought to Ballinderg that night.

Chapter III

AS it happened, the next day in the afthernoon was no less a day than Saturday, an' the countryside gathered about the black, solemn-looking bell where it lay in the cart. The big clapper was wrapped thick in fold after fold of cloth, for fear that by accident it might give a sthroke or two and Father O'Leary had daycided that its first sound should call the people to church Sunday morning.

After much histing an' "hu'ing" an' "ho-ho-ing"—even the women an' the little childher put their hands to the ropes—the bell was lifted up to the crossbeam, where Joey Hooligan, the smith, hammer in hand, sat straddling the beam ready to rivet the treasure to its place. And whin Joey's last blow was struck an' the bell swung free and clear, a proud and jovial shout roused the listening fields. Be-gar, ye'd think some one had freed poor ould Ireland!

"Me childher," says Father O'Leary, turning about, an' the glow of a dozen wax candles seemed to be shining through his face, "the wish that I have carried in me heart for thirty-one years is rayalized to-day. Ballinderg has a bell! And I appint Jerry Murtaugh and Tim Maylowney to the honor of ringing the bell to call yez all to church to-morrow morning. For," says he with a sly smile, "since they own the music of the bell, by rights they should have its first bestowin'. Don't mind yer clocks, my childher, but start when ye hear the chime."

Everybody crowded round me gran'father an' Tim Maylowney, slapping them on the back and stirrin' to shake their hands. The hayros tried to be cheerful, but in spite of all there was a heavy brooding fear in their hearts about the dark stranger an' the music of the bell. That night me gran'mother noticed her husband Jerry's troubled face at supper an' waited for him to explain. As he gave no worrud she misdoubted he'd lost his money gambling, so she waited till the childher were in bed; then she says to him quiet an' aisy: "Where's all yer money, Jerry, agra?" Me gran'mother was surprised an' a thirle disappointed when the good man drew from his breeches pocket eleven shillin's tispence—not a shilling missing. After takin' every penny away from the persecuted man, what did she do but whirl in to cross-question him like a Dublin lawyer. She accused him of every crime on the calen dar, in the hope that she'd at last hit on the right one.

Little sleep did me unfortunate gran'father get that night. And whin his eyes did close he was back in Paddy Carroll's public house. There was the dark stranger again, but now, d'ye mind, covered with hair like a black goat, and he had a spiked tail on him as long as a carter's whip. He was sitting at a table shuffling a pack of cyards an' daring me gran'father to play another game. For answer me gran'father was rushing over to give him a good belt, when some one grabbed hould of the poor man an' tould him to get up, it was time to be off to the chapel. "An' what's all this talk ye're havin' in yer sleep about Sattin, an' Paddy Carroll, an' the chapel bell?" axed me gran'mother.

After boultin' a spoonful of stirabout, me gran'father, with a face as long as your arrum, started off to the chapel, an' the wrinkled, worried visage Tim Maylowney brought along with him when they met at the crossroads didn't elevate his feelings in the least.



"The Jook rose, lookin' very tall an' grand, and he says: 'I'll not take yer clothes, nor yet yer money'"



"You haven't a minute to lose," cried Father O'Leary as the two came up. His smile was like a May day. "Isn't it a beautiful morning?" he says, striving to be ca'm, "now to it, me lads, an' give us a ring that'll be heard over the mountain in Father Nale's parish."

Trowing down their hats, the two carters took a good clutch on the rope an' pulled with all their might. And now came the first sign of the dark stranher's worruk. For though the great bell swung gayly enough to and fro, the sorra sound came out of it any more than if it wasn't there.

"Marcy on us, but that's quare," says Father O'Leary coming forward. "Let me thry a hand with you."

An thry he did. An' the three swayed an' swayed, and see-sawed up an' down till they were red in the face but the glowering bell only rolled and swung above their heads, sullen and silent as one of the tombstones near by.

"Go into me stable and bring the ladder," panted Father O'Leary. "That rapscallion, Joey Hooligan, has done something amiss with the clapper. 'Tis his fault," says his riverence, mopping his forehead.

Well, the ladder was brought an' put ag'in the beam and, while me gran'father stidded it with both hands Tim Maylowney mounted it to find out what was wrong. He'd climbed about half-way up whin, crack, goes the ladder in two in the middle, an' down comes Tim on top of me gran'father, an' the two went thumping to the ground.

"The devil's in it!" yelled me gran'father from somewhere underneath Tim and the ladder, and at them worrudd—'tis the truth I'm tellin' ye—the bell gave one loud jovial clang an' thin stopped short. As the two carters struggled to their feet you may well believe every hair on their heads stood up with fright like bristles on a brush.

"One of yez go for that bliggard Joey Hooligan," says his riverence; "an' tell him to bring his tools an' a ladder. As it is we're tunty minutes late," says he, lookin' first rueful at his watch, thin at his broken ladder.

So off me gran'father hurries to the smith's house half a mile down the Kilcuney road, and as luck would have it—or maybe as Belzebub had managed—Joey was away; he had gone over to docthor, for a cracked heel. Cornayla, Mrs. Regan's cow; an' she lived a half a mile across the fields.

In the meantime the whole parish of Ballinderg was sitting impatient within their doors wondhering what was keeping the bell.

A dozen of the neighbors had gathered around Mrs. Morrissey's clock to time the bell, becase it was the most raynowned and rayputable clock in the whole parish.

Mrs. Morrissey was lookin' rayproachful at the clock, blaming it for being fast, and the astounded clock was ticking as plain as plain could be. "Oh, murdher! oh, murdher! what's the matter with the infudels, why don't they go to church?" when Tim Maylowney came galloping breathless and frightened to the door. "Out, all of yez!" he cried. "The bell's broke. Scatter among the neighbors an' warn them off to church. Ye're half an hour late."

"Twas in this way the bell scored its first great victory; it made everybody in Ballinderg late for church that Sunday morning.

Chapter IV

YOU may be sure the neighbors needed no second warning. Scatter they did, an' pretty soon the whole parish came sthrealing along one after the other like Darcy's cows. Winding up the hill, they came to where poor Father O'Leary stood despairing under the bellry.

"It's a punishment me childher" he says piteous, fumblin' his withered hands. "Take warning! It's a punishment for me sin of pride and glorification over the grandeur of the things of this worruk. Oh, what'll we do at all at all!—Is that you Joey Hooligan you bliggard? What have ye done to the clapper of the bell? Ye've spiled it, that's what ye've done," he cried out to the smith who was hurrying up the road with me gran'father, an' they carryin' a ladder betwixt them.

"I haven't spiled it," says Joey stoutly; "when I fastened the bell up yesterday the tongue wagged back and forth as free an' ready as the tongue of—he looked about for a comparison—"as the tongue of Mrs. Morrissey there. Stand aside an' let me put up the ladder till I have a look!" says he.

You may believe me or believe me not an' I wouldn't blame yez a thimbleful if you didn't—becase towe hundred men, women, and childher that day rayfused at first to believe

their own ears—but it's truth I'm telling ye. Joey Hooligan had no sooner put his foot on the first round of the ladder than the bell without a hand to the rope began—not ring-ing, mind you, but chime-ing. An' not exactly chimin' ayther, but play-ing a chune to the open eyes an' gapin' mouths of Ballinderg.

It was the pur-test chune ever heard. Stirring and sweet an' ur-



Grandfather, Jerry Murtaugh

gent. Some way it med one think of the beating of drums an' the clashing of swords an' of sojers marching out to die.

"Oh," gasped Father O'Leary, "the Marshal Aise." He covered his eyes with his hands to shut out some vision, and his face wint gray as the stones.

"The Marshal Aise! The Marshal Aise!" The word was picked up and tossed from one person to another to the furthest varge of the crowd. Sure, wasn't that the identical song Father O'Leary heard in the streets of Paris when he was a student there? They played it while they were massacreeing the 'ristocrats and the clary.

"Oh, God, have marcy on their souls!" half whuspered the good man. "I can see now the gentlest and the bravest being dragged up to the headsman; an' two of the best an' the thurst friends I ever had smiled good-by to me from the crowded tumbril!"

Overcome with the raycollection, the priest stopped a moment, and thin lifting to the sky his two hands, cried. "Oh, may the deep curse of Heaven"—he caught himself quick. "What am I sayin'? A minister of God! May God forgive them and me too."

Lookin' wistful around, he saw me gran'father's white scared face with the big dhrops of purspurration standing on it.

"Don't be frightened, Jerry, agra," he says, thremblin'. "There's nothing at all supernatural about the bell. We live so far out of the worruk here that we know nothing of the wondherful inventions that are springing up among men like new grass in the meadow. I make no doubt this is one of them, an' that there's some hidden contrivance up above in the clapper we haven't noticed, an' don't understand, that makes the bell ring so. I'll ask Father Murphy about it tomorrow. Oh, musha, musha, you rose grown hedges an' vine-dhressed hills of France, how far away you've flown! God help us! Come in to yer prayers, good people," he says broken, "come in to yer prayers!"

Twas a sober an' a solemn crowd that atther church wandhered home in groups together debayting and disputin' as they went, for the mystification of the congregaytion led to thraymendous disputaytion.

But rayther me gran'father nor Tim Maylowney joined in the argyfing crowds, for well they knew that Sattin, by means of the bell, had raypted even Father O'Leary himself to the sin of hathred an' rayvenge. Off to themselves together the two slunk like men who had committed a saycret crime. When the pair were well out of hearin' of any one else, me gran'father says butther. "Well, Maylowney, ye done it this time. What with yer love of the cyards an' yer fondness for pickin' up with stranheres ye've been the compleate ruimaytion of Ballinderg."

The tongue of Maylowney was so hot with indignaytion at the whole blame bein' trun on him this a-way

that all he could do was to sputther: "Why, thin, bad manners to ye for a slandherous bosthoon! Werent you with yer winks an' yer nods as deep in the mud as I was in the mire?"

"That's rayther here nor there," says me gran'father, coolly waving him away. "Wasn't it you that first planked yourself down at the table before I had a chance to daycline the Jook's invitation? And isn't it you that is always a temptation to play with stranheres, for if ye weren't along how could I chate them?"

"But heigh-ho, crying over spilt milk 'll do no good. We've only now to save ourselves an' our repitaytions. Do you, Tim, me daeant lad, dhrive down at break of day to Paddy Carroll's an' warn him not to breathe a blessed worruk of what's happened. He's as bad off as we are. Wasn't it himself as had Belzebub for a customer, an' wasn't it him as let the pair of us be raypted?"

"I would go willingly," answered Tim, "for I make no doubt the bell will begin its depredaytions foine and airly Monday mornin', an' what we've just heard will be only a flay-bite to what'll happen thin. But," he sez, rubbin' his chin rueful, "you remember me cousin, Nellie Grogan, is to be married the morn, and it's needful that all her relaytions should be there to give her rayspect—she's had sich har-nd luck with her young men, poor girl. I needn't tell ye that when three years ago Ned Kerrigan disappointed her and slipped off to be a sojer two days before the weddin', 'twas a cruel blow enough, but whin young McCarthy the year after took the Quane's shillin' within a week of their marriage, the poor lass almost lost courage. Now, whin, thanks be, she's within a day of her weddin' to Shamus McCormick, it will never be said that I, the most raypected of her relaytions, will rayfuse to ornament the occasion. No, I couldn't think of it; besides, Mrs. Maylowney 'ud be sure to prevent me from goin' away," he sighed.

So the long an' the short of it was me gran'father consented to go to Paddy Carroll's, with the understandin' that Tim should be waiting for him in Anthony and Clayopatra's stable in the evenin' to make known all that had happened during the course of the day.

At that the two conspyrators separated aich to put in the longest Sunday afternoon of his life.

Every minute of the day his conscience was a burnin' coal in me gran'father's chest, and to add aggrawaytions an' turpitation to his misery, the poor man couldn't cross a foot or crook an' elbow but he'd feel me gran'mother's two suspicious eyes boring a hole in the middle of his back. Worse than all, he dhreaded the night becase of an unforchunit habit he had of talkin' in his sleep, and well he knew—for she'd often done it before—that me gran'mother would lay wide awake as an owl to catch every whisper. Women haven't the lasta taste of honor about such things. But go to bed he did and at last into onaisy slumber he fell, but not for long. Before the sun had a chanst to shake his flamin' jacket above the hill, me gran'father with Anthony an' Clayopatra wor well on their way toward Paddy Carroll's public house.

Chapter V

TIM MAYLOWNEY was right in his prophesying. Bright and early Monday morning the bell began its divilment, and, of course, who should it commence on but Pether McCarthy, the most sensitive man in the County Tipperary? So suspicious of intiitions to insult him was Pether that one couldn't safely raymark the toime of day in his presence without danger of having the sayin' caught up as an unherdhand rayflection on Pether himself.

But sure, nobody ever thought of insultin' the poor man, for the only thing that could be whispered ag'inst his char-ak-ther was a rumor that an uncle of his father's down in the County Cork—the McCarthys were all ab-originally Corkonians—was thransported to Van Di'man's Land for stayling sheep.

So now in the early mornin', as the honest man started for his worruk in the fields, the black wuzzard up in the belfry tower spies him, an' what does the ould targer do but sthrike up playing an ancient well-known chune called "The Sheep-Stayler's Lament."

Well, at the sound poor Pether stood pathayfied in his thracks. He gave one wild, horrified look at the bell on the hill, hesitated an instant, thin turned ag'in and hurried back to his house. The unmanly rapscallion of a bell kept time to his steps with the beat of the chune and never let up till the door closed behind Pether—whin it stopped sudint!

McCarthy waited a little, thin cautiously opened the door, but no sooner had he stuck out his head than the m a y l o d i o u s strains of "The Sheep-Stayler's Lament" was heard in every field and cottage for two miles around. T h a t quelled him. The poor lad ventured out no more till he spied from his windy, some two hours after, the weddng purcession of Nellie Grogan windin' up the



"At the head of the purcession walked Nellie and the groom, while close behind marched Tim Maylowney and his wife, Honoria"

hill to the chapel. Bad as was the threathement Pether McCarthy rayceived, it was bread and treacle to that which awaited the poor bride.

At the head of the purcession be course walked Nellie and the groom, while close behind marched Tim Maylowney and his wife, Honoria. Tim, the poor man, was thryin' to look happy an' unconscarned, though twas himself had the feeling that there was throuble enough an' to spare waiting for them all in the belfry on the top of the hill.

But if Tim was unsartin an' worried, not so with his cousin Nellie, the bride. She laned on the arm of Shamus an' smiled up at him proud an' happy as a June rose.

The neighbors stood in the doorways along the road waving good wishes at the happy pair, never so much as mentioning to each other the two miscreants who had run away and left the disappointed bride behind them, all for no better rayson than for the bit of temper that was born in her.

Joking an' cavortin' an' with ribbons flying, the happy party arrived at the foot of the hill lading up to the churchyard, and as they did the runnygate in the tower broke loose.

And what chune of all paralyzin' chunes did the desparado sthrike up loud an' rollickin' but "The Girl I Left Behind Me"!

At first ye'd think a piece of the sky had fallen, so great was the sudden wonder. Howandever, no one sthopped, but they marched timidly on while the bell kept playing the insult gay and cheerful, almost spakin' the worruds:

"They dhressed me up in scarlet clothes,
They used me very ki-i-ndly,
But I'll never forget the purty little girl,
The girl I left behi-nd me."

Maylowney stood it as long as he could, but at the churchyard gate he halted an' shook his fist at the bell. Whether 'twas because the party were entering the churchyard or bekase of Tim's dayfiance will never be known, but, as Tim did so, the bell changed its chune into the mournfullest toll that ever was heard. Every toll'd raise the hair from yer head—'twas that fearsome.

Flesh and blood could stand no more. With wild shrieks an' yells the purcession broke and run for their lives. Shamus didn't run, though hard he thried. Mrs. Maylowney, cool-headed woman that she was, had stepped up an' caught him by the arrum; and, with she grippin' him on one side an' Nellie on the other, what better could he do but race up to the chapel with them? An' so the day was saved for Nellie.

Outrageous as was all this, sure it was only the beginnig of the thrubles for Ballinderg. The wuzzard insulted half the parish. He played "The Rogue's Mar-rch" for Wullum Duff, the schoolmaster, keepin' time to his steps whether fast or slow: "Rum-ti-tum rum-TE-tum rum-te-rumpty rum-TE-tum," an' when at last Wullum, beside himself with mortification, broke into a mad run, it mad no difference, the music kep' time with him just the same. The schaymer played "The Devil's Hornpipe," even for pious ould Mrs. Donovan as she limped slowly by on her cane, an' strhive as she would an' thry as she could, she had to keep step to it.

The consternaytion an' fear an' excitement that day were so great in Ballinderg that be foive o'clock in the athernoon there wasn't a sowl to be seen abroad. Everybody was indoors listening to find out who'd be scandalized next, when sudden the bell shruck up glorious an' beautiful: "Lo! the Conquering Hayro Comes."

On the minute every door and windy flashed open, so great was the curiosity to know who it was that the ould targer of a barbarian would be showin' such honor and rayspect to. Me gran'mother stuck her head out with the rest, an' what should she see coming bobbing along over the brow of the hill but Anthony an' Clayopatra, an' sitting calm an' peaceful behind them—me gran'father!

Me gran'mother waited for no more, but, trowing her shawl over her head, hurried off on her way to Mrs. Maylowney's for informaytion and advice—there was always great sociology betwixt the two families—and who should she meet up with in the lane hastening down to see her on the same errand but Mrs. Maylowney herself?

"It's comin' up to your own house I was, Honoria, to speake to ye about me husband Jerry," sez me gran'mother after the time o' day was passed betwixt them, "an' to ink-wire whether yez have obsarved anything out of the common about yer own honest man Tim, I dunno."

Mrs. Maylowney trew back her head, an', liftin' her two hands, gave the air a hard push.

"Arrah, thin, don't be talkin'," says she, "wasn't I on me way to ax the same question of yerself? Isn't me heart broke worrying over him, an' ain't me two eyes almost fallin' out of me head from watchin' him? And as for scoldin' and berating him, I get no comfort out of it at all, at all, for he won't answer back, an' I have a fear on me that I can't express that Sattin himself is in the bell above an' that our brace of foine husbands have more than a little to do with it." Me gran'mother hilt her apron to her mouth and shook her head despairing: "Oh, oh, sorra's the day! what'll we do at all, at all?"

Now, that was a foolish question entirely, for what

(Continued on page 24)

SEEIN' SIGHTS IN WASHINGTON

By ARTHUR RUHL



THEY come to Washington somewhat as pilgrims to a shrine, somewhat as folks went down to Philadelphia to see the great Centennial. In the sitting-room back at home hangs a picture of the Crossing of the Delaware or the Camp at Valley Forge; they still recall the speeches they used to spout from the old third reader. Bridal couples from little towns down South, queer little groups of ladies of uncertain age "improving" themselves, the whole family sometimes—father, mother, overgrown son, and the children—shuffle through the marble corridors of the Capitol—timid, wondering, very willing to be amused, but a bit afraid of letting themselves go until they are outside and alone.

No suspicious notions here, borrowed from the pert young men who superintend the Government in the magazines. When the Capitol guide manages to slip them for a moment into the Ladies' Gallery, they gaze down upon Mr. Beveridge or Mr. Aldrich just as though they were beholding another Webster or Clay; when they pause in front of the door until their Congressman comes out, in his "Prince Albert," tells Willie, "I'm glad to see you here, my little man," and seizing Pa's right elbow with his left hand and enveloping Pa's right in his experienced fist, pumps it slowly up and down in the prolonged legislative handshake, family history is being made.

They might be called the Capitol's third estate were there not so many different Washingtons for the different kinds of people who live there, were it not quite as far, in some ways, from Dupont Circle to the House of Representatives as from Paris to Paris, Illinois. When the Senate provides some especially exciting entertainment, such as, for instance, as that debate between Mr. Patterson of Colorado and Mr. Bailey of Texas a few weeks ago, you may see in the diplomatic gallery pretty, Continental-looking women, leaning languidly on the rail, and next to them some neat, inscrutable Japanese, thinking goodness knows what of the doings on the floor, and next to him some foreign attaché, resting on his stick, his pomaded hair parted clear back to the nape of his neck, and next to him, separated only by an iron railing, the gentleman of the Gentleman's Gallery, negroes half asleep, perhaps, or those constitutional spectators—the sort of men you can always find dozing over the newspapers in public library periodical rooms. And further on, in the Reserved Gallery, will be almost such an audience as you might see at any Broadway theatre at a holiday matinée, and beyond that, in the Senators' Gallery, still another one—all these to be seen, like so many animals in their cages or flowers in stalls. One may scarcely, therefore, say that the pilgrims are more in a class by themselves than other folks in Washington, and yet at least they are always pilgrims—outsiders, seeing only the outside of things, taking what their quaint guides give them, and passing contentedly on their way. While the White House is blazing like a Cinderella's Palace, and the carriages are twinkling to and from the President's receptions, they are sound asleep in their hotels and boarding-houses; while the galleries are listening, as at a play, to some debate which is being telegraphed to every corner of the country, they are away up in the dome seeing how funny the people look on the flagging

a hundred and fifty feet or so below, covertly scribbling their initials and the date at the highest point visitors are allowed to go; and while the committees, behind closed doors, are really making history, they are outside in the corridor, gaping delightedly at the wonderful map which tells them just what kind of weather the folks are having at home.

SCENE—Capitol rotunda under the great dome. Draped about the circumference are attendants, old pensioners, etc., seated on wooden chairs. A constant procession across the middle of rotunda of legislators, clerks, reporters, tourists, etc., on their way from one wing of the Capitol to the other. Occasional tall, lanky individuals in black slouch hats; now and then two or three negroes, very solemn, evidently spellbound but delighted at the magnificence around them. In the immediate centre a group of pilgrims stand with their heads thrown back staring at the zenith, which, at a height of one hundred and eighty feet from the floor, is occupied by that heroic fresco, "The Apotheosis of Washington," wherein the Father of his Country, attired as Jove, sits among the clouds, surrounded by allegorical figures of War, Peace, etc. Patrolling the marble flagging of the rotunda may be discovered a short, stoutish man with a policeman's mustache and a general air of complacent commercial prosperity. Enter two solid, determined-looking women of indefinite age, carrying guide-books and Boston bags. The short, stoutish man sees them, as he sees everybody who enters; he approaches briskly, exchanges a few words, and turning, beckons to a man with large silver star on his coat, who is expounding the fresco on the dome.

S. S. M.—"Fred, these two young ladies want to see the Capitol. Take 'em along with your party. Gently but firmly taking an arm of each, he steers them toward 'Fred'—a woefully shabby, ex-colonel-looking individual, with white hair and mustache, very black eyebrows, and a brilliant complexion.) Party's just starting out. He'll look after you, young ladies." (This subtlety is not lost, although both assume a somewhat forbidding expression, as though to indicate preparedness to resist any attempt to suggest that the remark expressed any more than the mere truth. The party is led to a painting on the easterly side of the rotunda.)

FRED (paternally grasping an arm on either side of him)—"You're now lookin', ladies and gentlemen, at De Soto discoverin' the Mississippi, and a wonderful piece of work. On the right, company o' stalwart men plantin' a cross, ecclesiastic bearin' a censer, two Indian maidens in the foreground embracin' each other. In the distance you see the Mississippi, its waters broken by glancin' canoes, magical islands, an' purple shores. (Lowering his voice and lifting eyebrows significantly at his auditors.) Perspective is fine." (The pilgrims look from him back at the painting and thoughtfully nod assent.)

FRED—"Next, on the right, is the landing of Columbus, a wonderful work of art, painted by Powell when he was only twenty years old. In the foreground sol-

diers kneelin' in attitude of admiration for the Admiral, in the distance groups expressin' joy an' hilarity at the landing. Them two figures somewhat nearer are Spaniards contesting for glitterin' particles in the sand. To the left of the Admiral mutineer in repenant attitude an' awestruck natives in the forest (lowering voice again). A little over painted (brushes dust from his coat sleeve), but a wonderful fine piece of work. Now take a look at these doors (steers party to east entrance, and after much delay finally arranges them in two straight lines facing one of the bronze doors). This here set of doors was designed by Gilfondi an' cast in Rome. Note the detail of the fitters. Each door is ten feet high an' weighs seven tons. They cost—fifty thousand. We have another set, weighs less an'—more expensive. Now turn your backs an' observe the other door." (Line is laboriously formed on the other side of the entrance and process repeated, after which party trails off through the busy main corridor toward the Senate.)

FRED—"Now you're lookin' into the marble corridor. Here is where you come to see your Senator an' send in your little card. If he don't wanna see you he don't come out, which occasionally happens."

JOVIAL LARGE GENTLEMAN (sotto voce)—"The marble room—the marble heart." (Party ascends the gallery floor and is halted in front of a small canvas crowded with apparently a hundred or more figures—one of them ingenious if somewhat uncanny pictures in which all the faces are turned to the front.)

FRED—"This here is the famous picture of the Hayes an' Tilden electoral conference—some of you here may recall them stirrin' days—every face a perfect portrait. Here you see 'em—there's Blaine—there's Evarts—every one an exact likeness as they appeared during that famous struggle. (Confidentially) The finest piece of art, speakin' facially, now in existence. It was painted by Cornelydell Fassett of Chicago. She only asked fifteen thousand for it, an' they cut her down to seven. She put herself in the picture, an' (pointing out the lady) there she is."

ELDERLY LADY (stoutly)—"Don't blame her."

FRED—"A fine piece of work for a woman. Over there (turns party round toward a large canvas representing the battle between the "Merrimac" and the "Monitor") you see the Yankee cheesebox. You know the rest. Now come this way an' look into the Senate Chamber. (Pilgrims shuffle awesomely into the Ladies' Gallery. The room is deserted except for a few tiny pages and two official stenographers, tolling behind the

Vice-President's desk, discussing with fine literary detachment the affairs of state which they have just transcribed.) On this side sits the Republicans. The Democrats over there, an' the Populists where they can get a seat. (Timid smiles from the pilgrims) What's your state? New York? Senator Platt sits in the front row, fourth from the left end, an' Chancy Depew two seats to the right of him. Now when you go back home an' read their speeches in the papers you'll know just how they looked."

ELDERLY LADY—"Do they stand up when they speak?" (Having learned that they do, she appears greatly relieved, and the party presently moves on to



Negroes half asleep

the "Battle of Chapultepec," which adorns the main stairway landing. This canvas represents perhaps the most complete development of the Capitol School of Art. In the distance are the famous heights, belching smoke and shell; over several miles of the foreground and middle distance are various sorts of war. Animate equestrian statues gallop calmly through the mêlée, bowing to imaginary audiences, and in the thick of the fight a handsome warrior stands posed, with his hand on his hip. On the extreme right a kneeling soldier proffers his musket to an invisible captor; on the left a remarkably self-possessed dog barks furiously at an infantryman's cap lying on the ground, unmindful of the battery in action a few feet away.

FRED—"Now you're lookin' at Walker's famous painting of the battle of Chapultepec, where all the Generals on both sides in the Civil War made their reputations. For this heroic canvas Congress appropriated the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. (Nudging, alternately, jovial gentleman on one side of him and one of the determined-looking women on the other.) You wouldn't like to be an artist! Now follow me an' cross over to the South Wing." (While traversing the "crypt" a brazen star is discovered, sunk into the marble flagging.)

FRED (impressively)—"From that there star radiates all the streets in Washington. Put your foot on it and you can say you stood in the exact centre of the Capital City." (Each pilgrim steps on the plate, listens for an instant, apparently, as though expecting his act to be registered by the distant tinkling of a bell, then steps off again with every appearance of immense satisfaction. March is then continued to the House, now sitting in Committee of the Whole House on the hill (H. R. 126 X 2 L.) to prevent the giving of false fire-alarms in the Territory of Alaska. Speaker reading the morning paper, six Members in their seats, in the further corner the Gentleman from Idaho is addressing the empty air—"Mr. Chairman, I declare to you and to every one in the hearing of my voice"—etc.)

FRED—"This is what New Yorkers calls the bear garden. They do make a good deal of noise. It takes fifteen hundred yards of that red carpet to cover the floor of that chamber—you wouldn't think it, an' I couldn't give a better idea of its size. Now come this way." (Pilgrims shuffle along corridor and pause at head of staircase.)

FRED—"Now you're lookin' at the great painting which we call, usin' Bishop Berkeley's famous words, 'Westward the Course of Empire Takes its Way.' Painted by Lootsy in fifty-two, and represents a party of pioneers crossin' the Rockies. That's the way they used to do—now you come East in four days in a vestibule express, an' if the waiter brings you a tough beef-steak you wanna throw him out of the window. Maybe some of you here follered Horace Greeley's advice, 'Go West, young man, go West'—then you know the meanin' of them words you see on either side. The spirit grows with its allotted space, the mind is narrow in a narrow place. No pent-up Utiky contracts our powers, but the hull boundless continent is ours. Looks like a piece of tapestry. (Nudges elderly lady, much to her consternation.) An' the longer you look the more you'll think it is. Now come along this way." (Pilgrims descend stairway, young woman with little child remarking, "I've got a cousin in Utica," and through shoal of legislators, clerks, stenographers, messengers, etc., are led to a semicircular chamber round the circumference of which assorted sizes of the "Prince Albert," with the heads of illustrious statesmen surmounting them, are embalmed in classic marble.)

FRED—"Here you are in the old Hall of Representatives, where the Whigs an' the Democrats held their rows for more than fifty years. Now set apart as a chamber of statuary for each State to choose its two most famous men and put 'em here in marble, so now you know how wonderful fine it'll be when complete (gaily). Over there you see the figger of Frances E. Willard, the first woman to be placed in the Capitol, so that now you ladies can all cheer up an' know that there's a chance for you yet. Now stand in line here, an' I show you something that'll surprise you." (Takes one of the determined-looking young women by the arm with the remark, "This young lady'll come with me," and marches her to the other side of the chamber. The rest of the party, with backs turned, rivet their eyes upon the spot indicated by Fred on the floor. Vague bellowing voice is heard coming apparently through the floor.)

THE VOICE—"Now you know the wonders of the echoing gallery. My back is to you and yet you hear me plain. Now I turn round and—ow-mmow-ow—you can't hear me. Now you know how much the Speaker used to hear when a Congressman was addressin' him from the floor. Now stay where you are an' I'll show you something more." (Entire party waits, motionless, while Fred pilots the determined-looking woman into a corner.)

THE VOICE—"Hello! Have you had a highball?" (Pilgrims convulsed, but too embarrassed to answer. Question is repeated three times in ascending scale, until finally the jovial Gentleman, leaning over as though shouting into a well, shouts "Not yet!" Another pause, broken by a timid feminine voice coming out of the distance, evidently under the compulsion of Fred.)

THE VOICE—"Hello, Minnie! Are you hungry?" MINNIE—"Hello! Yes! Are you?" (Entire party begins shouting "Hellos" at the spot on the floor, and under cover of this bombardment Fred returns and the flock is led back into the rotunda.)

FRED—"Here we are where we started, and now when you get back home you'll have something to talk about. (Approaches modest young man and, grasping his arm confidentially, whispers, "What are you going to do now?" The modest young man is rendered momentarily speechless by this special attention, and while he is gasping for a reply Fred turns to the young woman and in a manner equally intimate demands, "Where are you staying?"—The young woman is murmuring a few confused words about a "married sister over in Georgetown" when Fred, whose questions now begin to appear to be merely the inconsequential repartee of a graceful host anxious to speed the parting guest, asks the entire company if they have seen the Congressional Library.) You mustn't miss that. It'll be open (looks at watch) Oh, plenty of time. Take the east door—out this way—then—there it is, over there. Don't miss it." (Pilgrims awake to find themselves outside. They linger uncertainly for a moment, then, in various directions, uncertainly fade away.)

SCENE—Washington, N. W., "aristocratic residential section an' homes of the diplomatic set." TIME—The afternoon of a cold wave. Temperature seven degrees above zero. Enormous hand-wagon automobile jolts slowly down the avenue, in the few front seats of which a handful of pilgrims are huddled, blankets wrapped around their legs. Facing them, from the driver's seat, stands a tall youth in a long frock overcoat, lecturing in stentorian tones. He enunciates with the utmost distinctness—as though reading from a manuscript in which the words were divided into syllables, yet with an air of complete preoccupation, as of one whose mind is on far-off forgotten things. Unexpected and significant shifts of pitch and accent suggest the passage of a pleasurable, but none of the congealed passengers exhibits the slightest awareness of these lines, with the exception of one jovial large man, who continually keeps a weather-eye on the lecturer, beaming vaguely, as who should say: "Go ahead, I'm on anyhow."

THE LECTURER—"On your left the Hotel Graf-ton, one of Washington's most exclusive family hotels. Here many Senators and Congressmen make their homes—hence the name GRAF-ton. In the distance observe the house of Mrs. Washington McLean, the mother of Mrs. Hazen, who married Admiral Dewey. The Admiral, after conquering a foreign foe in a foreign sea, returned home—to be himself—captured by a woman. In the second story on the right you can see the Admiral now seated in his costly li-brary." (Frozen pilgrims suddenly awake and entire party rise and crane their necks, with the exception of the jovial large man, who looks askance at the lecturer with the air of one willing to be appreciative, but able, nevertheless, to look out for himself. The chariot rolls on down through Lafayette Square and past the White House.)

LECTURER—"On the right is the United States Treas-u-ry-or—Uncle Sam's pocketbook. Here you will find more money than in any other place in the world. The site chosen by President Andrew Jackson—who, strolling across this tract one morning, struck his cane in the dirt and said: 'Build it here!' And here it was built. We are now riding down Pennsylvania Av-en-ue (dropping voice one octave), that famous thoroughfare-down-which-the-glittering-inauguration-procession-passes—every-four-years. This famous street was once lined with Lombardy-poplars—I was asked—the other day if that is why Pennsylvania Avenue is so popular. Here, on either side of the street, is Washington's Chinatown (pilgrims again awake, and after scanning the adjacent buildings anxiously, discover two Chinese laundries amid the shops, lodging-houses, and cut-rate ticket offices), where our Chinese population congregate after dark and play their favorite game of fan-tan."

TIMID OLD LADY (exhibiting first sign of life)—"What's that, mister?"

LECTURER (apparently misunderstanding and pointing across the high iron fence)—"That, madam, is the botanical gar-den, where you may find, growing in its native luxuriance, the flora of this and of foreign lands. One of the plants makes every one who touches it speechless, hence the appropriate name, the mother-

in-law plant. (Old lady gazes at lecturer aghast, and chariot rolls up Capitol Hill. To the right, rising mightily behind the leafless sycamores, is the gray bulk of the Capitol.) Now we are passing the Coxey's famous army. It was there those glit-ter-ing cavaliers received the immortal command: 'Keep Off the Grass!' And there you see the Capitol, raised on a hill created by God as the site for the e-ter-nal monument of an e-ter-nal republic. Seven hundred an' fifty feet long, covers three and one-half acres. In the centre, three hundred and seven and one-half feet from the ground, an' its crowning glory, is the dome, the roof of which is made of iron plates, which adapt themselves to the heat and cold, shifting one over the other, folding and unfolding like the petals of a colossal flower. We are now approaching the east front. The Capitol was built to face this way originally because its founders believed that to the eastward would be the growth of the city. On the contrary, it has spread toward the setting sun, so that now this famous building resembles the Irishman's front door, which opened into the back yard."

TIMID OLD LADY (again awaking)—"What did you say, mister?"

LECTURER (absorbed in thought)—"We are now rolling westward again. In that interesting little yellow building on the left gas was first used in the city of Washington. Needless to say, I refer to il-lu-minating gas. Next we approach the Patent Office, the largest brick building in the world, where is held each four years the famous in-aug-ural ball. Observe the frieze that encircles that building—more eloquent than the frieze of the storied Parthenon. It represents the soldiers of the mighty struggle that rent the nation asunder between the years of sixty-one and sixty-five. There they are marching—marching as they used to march in those days of stress and storm, when the drum-beat sounded in the village square and the nation sprung to arms. There you see 'em—in the buoyant step of youth, the laggard step of old age. Inside that building you will find many an old warrior, and—many an empty sleeve." (This lyric concluded, the young man coughs, carefully readjusts his necktie, and in passing observes out of the side of his mouth to the motorman: "Gee! This is a bunch o' dopes all right." Car rolls westward and returns to the residence section. A dilapidated, unpainted, little frame building is passed, sandwiched in like a "spite fence" among its respectable neighbors.)

LECTURER (pointing impressively)—"The residence of the African Legation (pauses) and the present home of our chauffeur." (Casts a professional smile down at the motorman, who, gripping steering-wheel stolidly, gives fine imitation of surprise and embarrassment.)

MOTORMAN—"Aw, say, Bill, cut it out." (Passengers titter, and lecturer, with the air of an artist who has got a "hand" at last, sits down for a few moments' rest and exchange of repartee with his colleague. Presently arises as the automobile is passing City Hall.)

LECTURER (surveying women of the party, as who should say: "What's the use? but, however, it's all in the day's work")—"On the left is the Hall of Records, in which is found that indispensable official, the chief of the bureau of marriage licenses. It may interest the gentlemen present to know that there are seven thousand more women than men in the City of Washington, which—doubtless accounts for marriage licenses being so cheap, the price being one dollar. (Significantly) Sometimes when we reach this point we have to stop the auto. (Chariot advances and begins again to pass

homes of the "diplomatic set and Washington's aristocracy.") On the left the home of Washington's millionaire clerg-y-man, the Rev. Doctor As-pin-wall, now away on his va-cation of eleven months and twenty-nine days—the Rev. Doctor As-pin-wall. On the right the home of Senator Dryden of New Jersey, president of the Pru-dential Life Insurance Company, the largest steal trust in the world. Directly behind me you see the equestrian statue of Andrew Jackson, the entire weight being supported by the hind legs—an ingenious method devised by the sculp-tor. (Chariot rolls on downtown past the Washington Monument—"there you see it, rising in its majestic simplicity"—and into the Mall.) In the dis-tance you see the Smithsonian Institute and the Weather Bureau, where the weather

is made. We use it ourselves and then present it to you weather you like it or not." (Large jovial man is seen suddenly to catch his throat as though gasping for air. Other pilgrims only sink deeper into their overcoats and blankets. Lecturer casts his pitying glance on his audience, turns his back, and resumes his seat beside motorman, observing out of the side of his mouth: "The original dead ones, all right." Takes cigar out of inside pocket, smells it, examines it carefully, and hands it to the motorman, who examines it carefully, smells it, and transfers it to his inside pocket. Motorman, still staring impassively ahead: "Sure. Take it easy, an' let 'em sleep.")



Every face—a perfect portrait



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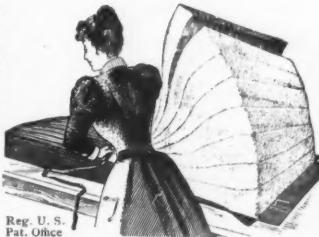
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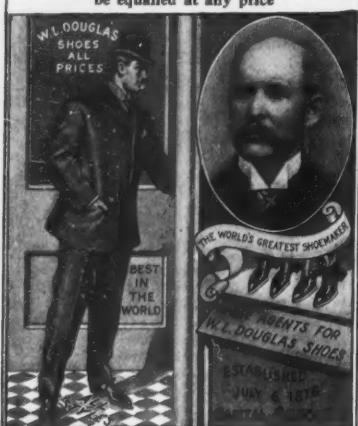
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THE HAUNTED BELL

(Continued from page 21)

did any one do for miles around who had a fear or a heartache or any sort of trouble but bring that sorrow up to Father O'Leary; an' there be the same token did the two good women take themselves, though sore ashamed they were to turn informers that a-way ag'in their own husbands.

Meanwhile, Tim, as good as his worr'd, was scrooged waiting in the stable ag'in me gran'father's return; an' whin at last the ponies had been fed an' dressed down, with dhray lips Tim towld me quakin' an' ansister, faithful an' compleat, all the outrageous doin's of that raymarkable day, an' sittin' down on the tub beside me gran'father, his chin in his hands, he wound up his conversation be sayin': "Oh, begor, this'll be a lesson to me the remaynder of me days. I'll never touch another dhrap of dhrink ag'in so long as I live, an' I'll never look at another cyard till the day of my death, an' as for bad company"—he groaned, clinchin' his two fists.

"As for bad company," me gran'father says, thinkin' gloomy an' raysentful of Sattin, "I'll never meet—Oh, be the powers!" he says, jumpin' up, "is it me ye're callin' the bad company, Tim Maylowney?"

What answer Tim would have med will never be known, for at the instant a shadow darkened the stable door, an', lookin' up, who should they spy standin' solemn an' savare before him but Father O'Leary himself? The pair thried to splutter a civil greeting, but for rayply his reverence crooked a finger, first at me gran'father, thin at Tim Maylowney, beckonin' him to folly. An' the two culprits, like retrievers at heel, follied the clergymen up to his house; only once on that doleful journey did me gran'father spake, an' thin it was to whisper a warning to his comrade: "Whatever he does till us kape your tongue in yer head."

"No fear," whispered Tim, an' his voice was as hoarse as the say.

Whin they arrived at the priest's house, the first thing Father O'Leary did was to put me gran'father into the study, turn the key in the door, an' thim, takin' Tim be the chowdher, he led the unfortunate man into a room across the hall.

The clergymen pushed Tim into a chair, an' sitting himself in another close ferninst, with hands on knees, Father O'Leary fix'd an eye on Tim that dug down to the werry bottom of the squirm' victim's sowl.

For foive long minutes not a sound was heard except the cracklin' of the twigs on the hearth.

Tim, perched on the edge of his chair, wondhered if this was going to last forever. He twisted his cap round and round in his fingers, coughed polite into it, and looked out the windy; he put the cap on his head, quick snatched it off ag'in an' dhropped it on the floor; stared dispairin' at the pictur of Dan'l O'Connell over the mantel, and wished that he had the courage of that great man, but all the time feelin' himself skewered be Father O'Leary's raylentless eye.

Whin there was no more strength or courage left in his body than there is in a suckin' pig, he says in a wake voice: "It's gettin' dark, and it's going to rain; I think I'll better be goin' home."

Father O'Leary smiled cruel an' sarcastic, and, laning back in his chair, spoke slow and pintered: "I heard yer whispered promise to that bliggard, Jerry Murtaugh, as we came along, an' I'll not ask ye to break it; but tell me one thing only," says he, "was it your fault or was it his?"

"It was Jerry's fault, yer reverence," says Tim, givin' a great gulp of raylief at gettin' out of it so asy. "Sure, your reverence knows well that I—"

"That's enough," says Father O'Leary, rising; "do you stay in that chair an' never leave this room till I call you."

You may aymagine the condition of me gran'father sittin' alone in the study during all this while, sore distractred to know what was goin' on in the room across the hall. He strained his ear to listen, but divil a sound could be heard, and he'd half med up his mind that his comrade Tim must be strangled, whin the door opens an' Father O'Leary pops in on him.

"Jerry Murtaugh," says the priest, lookin' sore put out, "it's surprised and scandalized at ye I am! to think of me blamin' the poor lad across the hall, whin all the while 'twas your fault."

"My fault!" yelled me gran'father, jumpin' to his feet, "who said it was my fault?"

Father O'Leary nodded stern and a-cusing. "I've Tim Maylowney's word for it," he said; "what have you to say ag'in it?"

Me gran'father let such a roar out of him that Tim Maylowney, concludin' thin an' there that his comrade was bein' kilt, lept out of the windy an' raced down the Kilcuney Road, and never stopped till he reached home.

"Did the slanderin' willian say the loikes of that?" says me furious an' suster. "Now listen to my side of the story and I'll lave ye to judge."

An' what does me gran'father do but up an' tell the whole thransaction from beginning to end just as it happened.

As Father O'Leary listened he passed from onbelief to inkerdulity, from inkerdulity to wondher, an' from wondher to conviction, an' thin he put three pinances for their terrible sins on Tim Maylowney and me gran'father. An' these pinances wor to last them for the rest of their natural lives. The first pinance was to give up cyard playin' complate and intirely; the next was that they should taste no strhong dhrink save and except one noggin of punch to be dhrunk on Saturday night, aich beside his own wife and ferninst his own fireside. These two were hard enough, you'll agree, but the third and last was the killin' pinance entirely, and it was no less than that they must save their money, and not to spend it foolish.

"Oh, thin, ye're the flinty-hearted man, Father O'Leary," cried me gran'father whin he heard the pinance. "Why don't ye turin' me into a chiney image at once and have done with it? To think that I must suffer this a-way, and the black schoundrel that is to blame for it is swinging free up in the tower making game of us all."

"Ha!" says Father O'Leary with a wise nod, "lave him to me! To-morrow morning I'll fix that lad. I'll fasten him a presner in the bell till the day of judgment, and every time the bell rings the clapper'll pelt him betwix the two chowdlers. It's a sore back the schaymer'll have on the last day, I'll warrant ye," chuckled his reverence.

Well, the worruds weren't well out of his mouth when there came a crash of tunder and a flare of lightening. Me gran'father waited for no more. With a hurried "Good-night, yer reverence!" he took the road in his hands. There was barely time to raich his own good door whin the memor-ible Big Wind began to blow.

Sure, the worruld knows how it tore up threes be the roots, whirled houses through the air, an' driv saygoin' ships up on the Kerry shore, where it left them perched up on the rocks like so many say-gulls.

You underhstand, of course, that all this was bekaise Belzebub, furious with disappointment at bein' dhriven from the bell, was strivin' to daystroy the Irish Nation. An' the fear of Father O'Leary's threat was on the bagobones, too, for next morning the bell was gone an' the neighbors say how in the night invisible hands must have carried it through the air, an' thin dashed it down upon the great flat rock in Hagan's meadow; for there it lay broken into a thousand pieces, an' the stone itself was busted in two.

That was the last of Sattin and the bell.

But as for me gran'father an' Tim Maylowney, they kept their pinance well. Howandever, they had made special, d'y'e mind, two pewter noggins which held a full quart aich, and these the two hayros'd sit and sip side be side on Saturday nights. Many's the winther evening I've seen them there, an' many's the time I've heard them tell this story beside that same fire.

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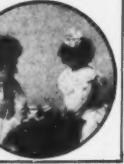
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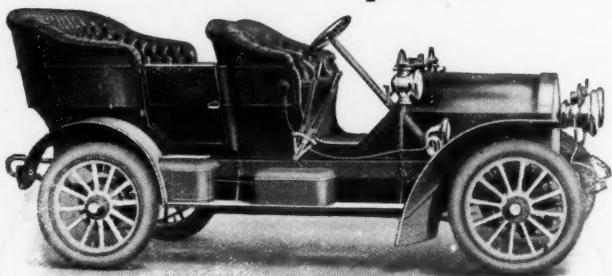
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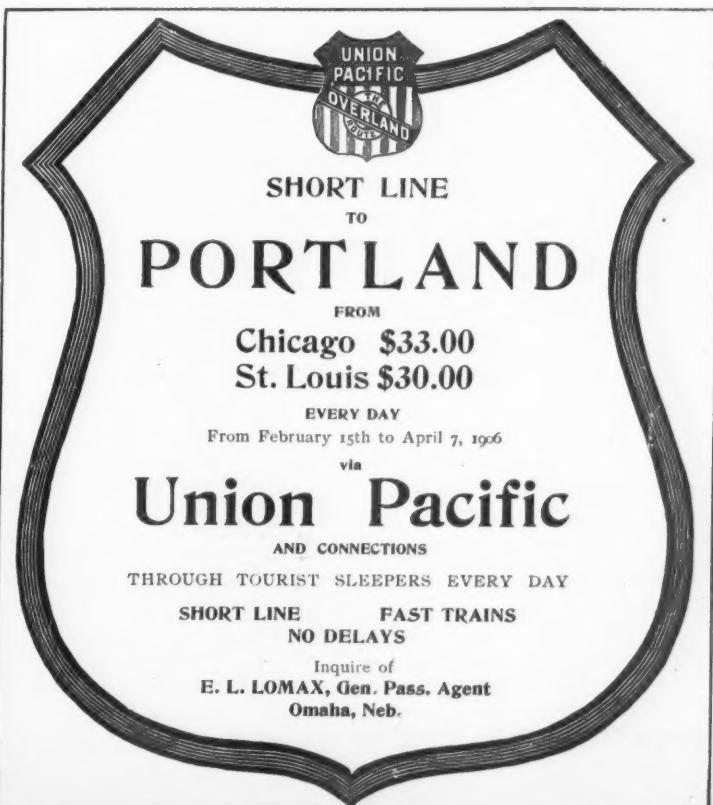
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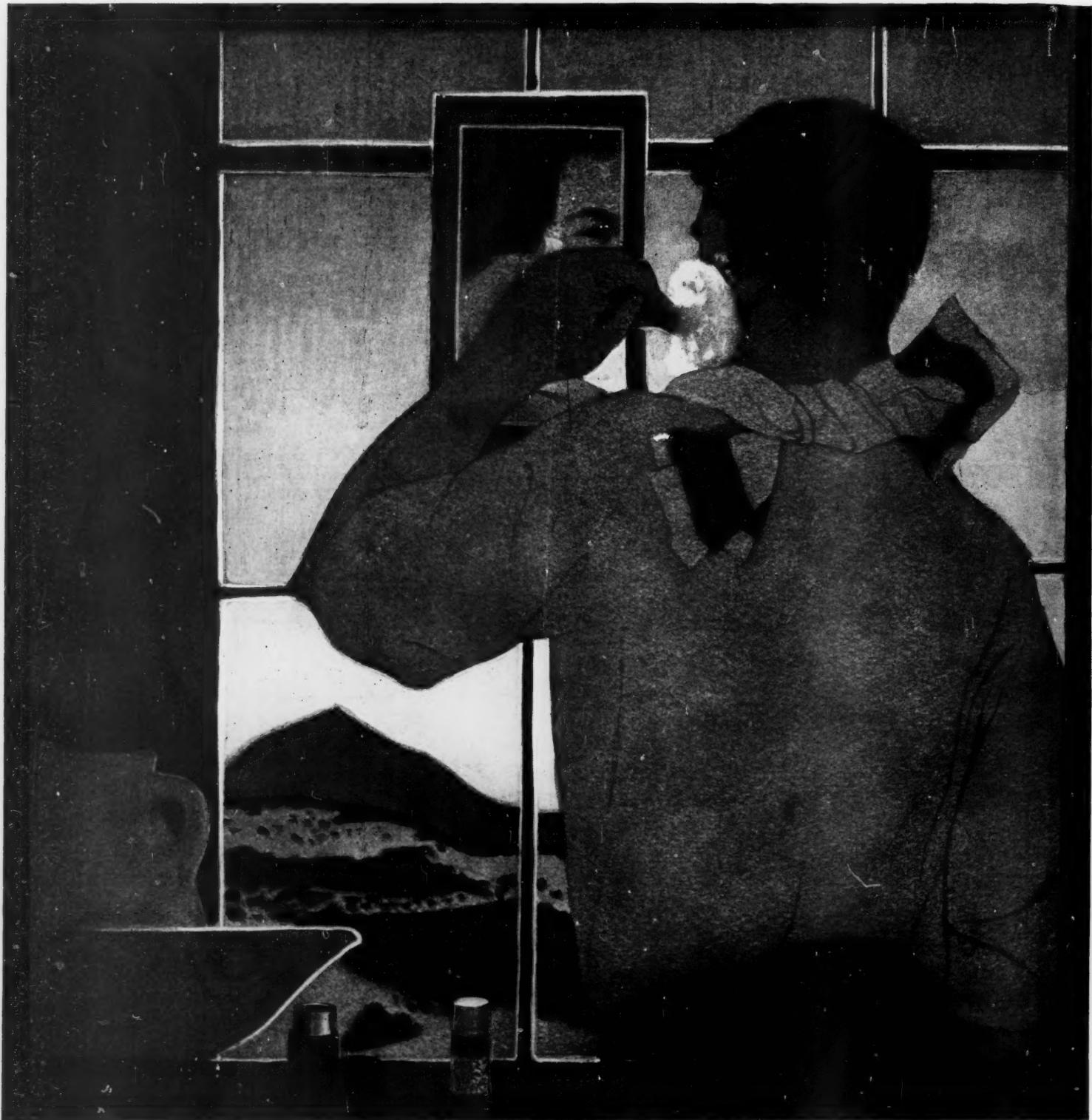
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